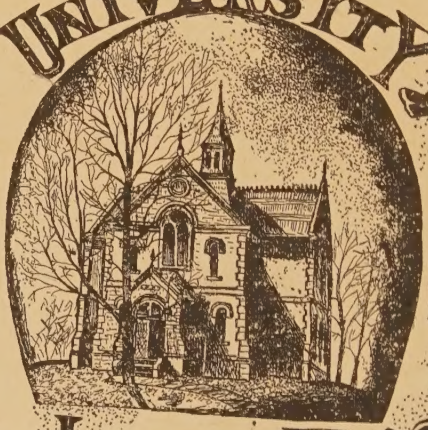
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIVIDUALIST

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

921 F 131
DENISON
UNIVERSITY

LIBRARY

723
125

Denison University Library

By James O. Fagan

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIVIDUALIST.

LABOR AND THE RAILROADS.

CONFESSIONS OF A RAILROAD SIGNALMAN. Illustrated with photographs of typical wrecks.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON AND NEW YORK

Denison University Libra

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIVIDUALIST

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_C0-BOX-932

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIVIDUALIST

BY

JAMES O. FAGAN

DENISON UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
GRANVILLE OHIO
36726
JAN 1913

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1912

CT
275
.F2A3

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY JAMES O. FAGAN

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Published November 1912

WYOMING HISTORY
LIBRARY
CHEYENNE, WYO.

CONTENTS

I. Beginnings in Scotland 1

II. Life Problems in South America . . . 32

III. Travel and Adventures in Africa . . 63

IV. Impressions of New England in the Eighties 96

V. Men and Conditions on the Railroads . . 128

VI. The Individual in Modern Industry . . 164

VII. A Study of Three Presidents 195

VIII. The Riddle of the Railroads 220

IX. Let Industry be Free 255

Index 285

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIVIDUALIST

I

BEGINNINGS IN SCOTLAND

In the United States to-day the individualist is beset with adversaries who are misrepresenting his mission and belittling his importance. Yet his vital relationship to the highest possibilities and to the noblest aspirations of the race is unmistakable. The individual is the personal, that is to say, the principal, factor in progress of every description. He is the parent of ideas, the originator of plans, the organizer and director of social and industrial enterprises. He dreams, and society wakes up and finds itself famous. True, society reacts on the individual, inspires multitudes of individuals to praiseworthy exertion and development, and thus the commonwealth flourishes.

The individualist has a message for the present generation. While a large and influential section of public opinion at the present day is persistently emphasizing the central significance of the social stream and the comparative helplessness of the human bubbles adrift upon its surface, perhaps

the life-story of one who has other and very different ideas of progressive civilization may, at least, be thought worthy of a patient hearing.

I

Originally, the family stock of the writer came from the Island of Skye, one of those desolate rock-ribbed isles of the Inner Hebrides, where even to-day the greater portion of the Gaelic-speaking inhabitants are crofters, who support themselves on fish, and inhabit miserable huts with the fireplace in the middle of the floor. Continually facing starvation and the fury of the elements, progress with these people is almost out of the question, but when they are once driven by chance or compulsion to other and more propitious climes, the rigor of such primeval training stands the sturdy emigrant in good stead, and as a rule, he is able to give a very good account of himself.

While this glance at heredity is by no means out of place, my story properly begins in far-away India. In the earliest days of the British East India Company, in the buccaneering and filibustering period, my progenitors emigrated from Scotland and found employment in the Company's civil and military service. A number of them fell victims to the climate and the wars; later, one of my uncles was a physician of note in

Calcutta; another was on the bench; while two or three of the present generation are out there to-day, engaged in commercial pursuits.

My father was one of the battle-scarred survivors of the Indian Mutiny. Until his death he was a pensioner of the East India Company or its successor, the British Government. Just in what year he returned to Scotland I am unable to determine. I have no available dates or records in regard to this period of my story; but this is of little consequence, as my purpose is neither statistical nor genealogical.

Be this as it may, I was born in the town of Inverness, Scotland, in the year 1859, and shortly after that date my father removed his establishment to a small estate, which he had inherited from a relative, in the neighboring county of Ross. At the time when I first began to get a glimpse of myself and my surroundings, the family consisted of twelve boys. Then my mother died and several of the older boys went out into the world, one into the army, one into the navy, and two into the Indian Civil Service. In this way, at the time I refer to, the home-colony in Ross-shire was reduced to eight. But now, and very briefly, I must locate myself more definitely.

My home, during my earliest schooldays, was quite close to the town of Fortrose, which is a royal and parliamentary borough in Scotland, in

the county of Ross. The little town is situated on the north side of the Moray Firth, just opposite Fort George. The neighborhood is particularly rich in romantic scenery, and the nature of my beginnings in this far-away corner of the world will not be understood in its proper significance without a brief glance at these surroundings.

The very first information, historically speaking, that is imparted to a Highland youngster relates to Wallace and Bruce, and the long line of fighting Scotsmen in every country that followed in their train. To him every tartan — in fact, every clan, loch, stream, and mountain — has its fighting history. Every boy in the Highlands lives in the midst of these individualistic, combative, and romantic associations. On a clear day, from any elevation in the neighborhood of Fortrose, one can easily overlook the hills of Inverness-shire. The region appears to be densely wooded for the most part, and here, in the possession of enormous estates, live to-day the lordly descendants of the fighting clansmen, the Camerons of Lochiel, the Gordons of Cluny, the Frasers, the Mackintoshes, and the Chisholms.

Just one other feature of the neighborhood remains to be noticed. A little to the east of Fortrose is the village of Rosemarkie. At the back of the village, and running in and along great gullies, which I suppose have been washed out of the clay

or sandstone hills by the torrents of centuries, is a succession of cliffs or precipices. For generations these crags have been the playground, or rather the climbing area, of the Highland lads from surrounding villages.

These features of the scenery are in the main, I think, correct, although I have not attempted to verify them in any way, and I have never revisited the scenes. They are simply vivid impressions of my early surroundings, which I have carried along with me and cherished with life-long tenacity; and I am obliged to emphasize them a little, for the reason that, connected with this rugged scenery, there was later a tragic episode which proved to be the first great turning point in my life.

The earliest period of my activity, then, in the home, the surroundings of which I have partially described, may be fairly entitled the wilderness stage. In regard to the names of my companions, my manner of living at home, or conducting myself at school, say up to my tenth year, my mind is completely in the dark. The pranks and adventures of the period seem to have driven everything else into mental oblivion. I cannot even remember to what extent my brothers shared in these youthful escapades, which so exclusively dominate these earliest memories. I am convinced, however, that the adventures were almost invari-

ably stolen sweets, unlawful proceedings in which truancy figured not a little, and an occasional running away and hiding in the woods, — proceedings paid for, I doubt not in every instance, by the infliction of corporal punishment and incarceration in the family lockup.

While, of course, it is undesirable to relate any of these childhood adventures in detail, the individualism and self-assertion contained in this state of gypsy-like lawlessness must be noticed in passing. A single illustration will be sufficient to picture the situation.

It has always been a mystery to me why I should so easily recall incidents relating to the dogs and horses, and my adventures in their company. For instance, about dogs: there was Pinky, the Skye terrier, Rock, the Gordon setter, and Jack, the retriever. The latter was the delight and pride of every boy in the neighborhood. His cleverness in catching wounded rabbits, or in finding lost articles that belonged to any of the boys, was to our understanding almost supernatural.

When I first remember him, Jack was growing old, and getting a little blind. One day we heard a rumor that his days were numbered and that the gamekeeper had received orders to put him quietly out of the way. So one morning, when we surprised this man preparing to take him out

in a boat, we knew his time was come. How we pleaded — in vain, of course — for the life of that dog! Then we surrounded and jostled and fairly mobbed the gamekeeper. In the end he was compelled to beat us back from the boat, and we sat in a row on the beach crying and biting our lips. The man rowed out a short distance from the shore, then shipped his oars. We saw our hero go overboard — first the dog, then the rope, and then the rock. We never forgave that man. From that time on he was continually in hot water with one or another of us. Before many days, in our own way, we paid him back. It was at a time when the whole village was off its guard, given up to jollification on Halloween. Two or three of us, little imps, barred the door of his cottage on the outside, climbed up on the roof, and dropped a large green sod down through the chimney right into the midst of the family circle. The thrashing we received for this escapade must have been part of the pleasure, for it never bothered our memories.

II

If my recollection of my adventures is even partially reliable, it is impossible to imagine a more lawless and harum-scarum beginning to the career of any mortal. But, doubtless, during this early period there were already two sides to the

problem of my bringing-up, although at this distance I find it difficult to reconcile the two parallel and contemporaneous lines. Nevertheless, I am well aware, from what I was able to learn afterwards, that even at the time that I was seemingly running wild in the earliest mad-cap stage, I was really being drilled and whipped into civilized form by other and sterner forces, and in due time the fruits of this training were abundantly in evidence.

But, even at its best, the domestic situation in which I was placed is little understood by Americans of the present generation. A certain aloofness between parents and children in most well-regulated families in those days was considered necessary for purposes of decorum and discipline. In this way servants and relatives to a great extent had charge of our family, although my father kept careful watch of the proceedings. There were morning and evening prayers, grace was said before and after each meal, although our parents never sat at the same table with the small boys, and there was the strictest observance of the Sabbath.

Whatever may have been his desires on the subject, my father certainly found it impossible to attend to us all personally while we were in the barefoot, runabout stage, but he made up for it when we grew old enough to appreciate his ad-

ministration. It is in this light, and during this later period, that I chiefly remember him.

Thus, as briefly as possible, I have tried to draw upon my memory for a picture of a youth in the Highlands of Scotland in what to me are the olden times, struggling, unconsciously of course, with his environment and heredity. True, the process was under cover, but the two lines of effort and advance, even then, were clearly defined. The one was overflowing, disorganized, boisterous, and natural. The other was artificial, organized, and moral. On the one hand, there was heredity, the aboriginal activity and yearning of a hunting and fighting disposition, craving for expression; and, on the other hand, there was the environment of a determined and methodical plan on the part of a schoolmaster, a minister, and home influences, to turn these half-savage propensities into civilized channels.

Personality, it must be remembered, as a conscious factor, was still in the embryo state, biding its time. Then, of a sudden, just at this stage of development, the forces engaged met in a sort of catastrophe and, in a single day, I became a conscious and soulful personality.

It happened in this way, in my eleventh year. Between brothers in our family there was no such thing as constant comradeship. Occasionally we would play together in pairs or otherwise, but

unless we happened to join forces in some common cause, we were usually in a state of chronic rivalry. Plots and counterplots were always under way. Encounters of every description, for the most part manly and short-lived affairs, were the order of the day. But we all seemed to have chums in the village in whose company most of the play-time was spent.

My particular companion was a little lad about my own age, the son of the village miller, whose mill was a short distance outside the village on the edge of a noted rabbit-warren called "The Dens." Alec was even a more inveterate poacher than I, and nearly as good a crag-climber. The alliance between us was offensive and defensive in every particular. We were inseparable. Whenever I went astray, and was wanted for anything, I was always to be found in the vicinity of this mill.

In front of the building and, if I am not mistaken, rising sheer from the roadway in front of it, the crags spread out to right and left. The bald surface of these perpendicular sheets of clay was divided at intervals by crevices or ravines running vertically from top to bottom. Here and there on the face of these parapets there were a number of ledges, perhaps twenty or thirty feet long, running horizontally across the surface. In nearly all of these ledges there were deep holes, burrowed by the rabbits. They were the breeding-places of

the rabbits and of numerous jackdaws, the natural prey of the village boys. One ledge or shelf in particular was the despair of every boy in the village. It was simply inaccessible. It seemed as if every rabbit we chased out of the "Dens," understanding this fact and mocking us, invariably ran across the face of the cliff and took refuge on that shelf.

One day Alec and I determined to scale that crag or break our necks in the attempt. We must have deliberately and carefully planned the expedition in advance. We started from the mill one morning just before dawn. We provided ourselves with knives and a stout rope. Without much difficulty we scrambled up one of the ravines that divided the cliff into sections. When the sun rose we were probably two hundred feet from the base of the cliff, and horizontally on a level with the coveted ledge. To reach it, however, it was necessary to cut a firm pathway, inch by inch, with our knives, for a distance of fifty feet across an almost perpendicular parapet. As a guide to our work there was already a faint trackway made by the rabbits. Along this line, footstep after footstep, we dug our perilous way, until about half the distance was covered in safety. I was three or four yards ahead of my companion. Then, suddenly, like a flash, Alec's foothold gave way and down he went. In falling he shouted my name.

There is no necessity to draw on my imagination to picture my predicament or to describe my state of mind. I am there again this minute. For a second or two I was rigid with a sort of terror. To turn back was impossible, and I could not look down. I simply drove my knife up to the hilt in the crag and held on. Then, after an unnoticed interval, the sound of shouts from below came up to me. They seemed to wake me out of my trance.

Meanwhile, in some unaccountable way, determination had taken the place of fear. I have always looked back upon these moments as the time when my personality first emerged into real consciousness. I whispered to myself one word — "Courage." Then I went on with my work, cutting out the path to the ledge. It was a mechanical process — I did n't seem to know or realize what I was doing. I reached the goal and returned by the way I had come.

At the foot of the hill a crowd was awaiting me. I did n't ask any questions. I knew from the silence that Alec was dead. Half the village accompanied me to my home. My father was away. I was locked in the cellar for safe-keeping. Toward evening, to my surprise, I was liberated and given a good meal. For several days I was in disgrace, or thought I was. Then the village authorities came and asked me some questions.

Finally my father returned. I was surprised

that he seemed to avoid me. I knew something was brewing. Then one morning I was told to get ready to go to Inverness with him. Generally speaking, the trip was looked upon by any of us as a treat. On this occasion, however, I did n't flatter myself in this way. Then came another surprise. The trip was postponed on account of the weather, and I was told to present myself at once in the library.

I had no sooner entered the room than my father sent me to a storeroom for a trunk full of letters and documents. I at once noticed a change in his manner and method of addressing me. There was a sort of companionship indicated in his words and actions to which I was totally unaccustomed. I wondered what was going to happen. He said he was sorry about the accident, and especially for Alec. He was walking up and down the room. I looked up and saw that his lips were quivering with emotion. That was enough for me. I did n't utter a sound, but I gripped myself all over, while the tears poured from my eyes in streams. However, there was no use trying to put old heads on young shoulders, he continued, and besides, after all, perhaps I was only a chip of the old block. In fact, a little stronger than some of the other chips, he hoped. There had always been too much abortive effort in the family. I, at least, had done what I set out to do.

Of all things he hated abortive effort. I could hardly believe my senses. As I listened, every minute he was speaking added a year to my life.

My father knew I was collecting postage stamps and "crests." He went on to tell me that he was going to burn up a lot of family records and letters. He wished me to read a little about the family history they contained, and, incidentally, I could help myself to the stamps. He gave me a hint or two in regard to his reasons for destroying these letters. There were financial troubles on the horizon. Some kind of family quarrel and possibly a lawsuit. We could read the letters together, and he would determine as we went along which to preserve and which to throw into the open fireplace before which we were seated.

The letters contained family history of a varied description, chiefly from India. The health of this one, the promotion of another in the Service, the expedition of another on a diplomatic mission to the Afghans, the sickness and death of a brother at Aden, returning home on sick-leave — such were some of the topics.

I was so keyed up at the time that scarcely an incident in these letters has escaped my memory. Especially impressive to me in many of the letters were the stories of financial disaster, and the pitiful forebodings of kinsmen who had lost their all in the wreck of the Agra bank.

Thus the day passed away and, with intervals for meals, my letter-burning occupation was continued until late into the evening. But there was another incident connected with the occasion that made quite an impression upon me at the time. When the servant brought in the lights, my father ordered some "toddy." He compelled me to drink a small quantity. He thought it might assist me in going to sleep, but he made it the occasion to tell me something about whiskey. Although, generally speaking, it was something to be avoided, on the other hand, it was nothing to be afraid of. He mentioned one or two unsatisfactory illustrations in the history of the family as a warning against its abuse. He thought it well for me to understand something about it at an early age. "If you take a dislike to it," he said, "you will do well. At any rate, govern yourself thoughtfully in the matter." Then I went to bed in a tumult of mental bewilderment.

Psychologically speaking this is the end of the personally unconscious period. The next stage relates to school-life, to intellectual development, and especially to religious foundations.

III

There is a tide in the affairs of boys, as well as in those of men, that, taken at the flood, leads

on to fortune. This is usually the period when the boy, awakening to a consciousness of his own personality, determines, it matters not how feebly at first, to think and act for himself.

In my own case, self-assertion, on a small scale, of course, began almost immediately after the death of my companion Alec. I can only attribute my somewhat premature development in this respect to the mental shock which I received upon that occasion, and there was one feature about this sudden development which seems to me to be worth mentioning. This was the abnormal sensitiveness that ensued. Mental impressions of all kinds were very acute, and at times almost painful. I remember how careful I was not to offend any one, or to hurt the feelings of any one in any way. This led to a natural desire on my part to do my best in order to secure the good opinion of people.

But this feature was only incidental; my real purpose was to be better and stronger than my companions in whatever sphere I might happen to meet them. After all, this was only a very natural desire and a simple development of the life I had been leading; but that the consciousness of will-power should actually add to the strength of my muscles was a revelation to me at the time and was illustrated one day in a very emphatic manner.

A number of boys were playing in the vicinity of the blacksmith's shop. Lifting weights was one of our customary pastimes. The biggest boy in the company was one of my brothers who was two or three years my senior. Incidentally, he took hold of a small anvil, but failed to move it. Thereupon I lifted it from the ground with apparent ease. The boys shouted, and the blacksmith came out and challenged me to do it again. I did so. But the peculiar part of this illustration is that I distinctly remember half chuckling to myself and saying, "I have a secret."

This kind of self-consciousness affected my behavior in a marked degree. I became quiet in my manner and studious in my habits. What may be called the dawn of purpose in my behavior led naturally to a good deal of concentration, and, at this psychological moment, the Free Kirk minister, Mr. Brown, took hold of me.

To try to explain what religion meant to such an impressionist as I was, at that early age, would be a useless proceeding. I think, however, the religion of the Free Church was thoroughly in harmony with my mental level at the time. For one thing, it introduced me to the Bible, but of this book and its influence I shall have more to say at a later stage of my story. At any rate, Mr. Brown instilled into me the principles of orthodoxy, and of the Bible as the great human guide,

in the same way that McTavish, the schoolmaster, was pounding into me the construction of hexameters in Latin verse, and the value of x in algebra. The following story will give an idea of my religious condition at this time, and of the change from my former childlike indifference in such matters.

One day, very thoughtlessly, I took aim with a stone and killed a sparrow. I can never forget the religious turmoil the act excited in my mind. The situation, I am afraid, does not admit of interpretation, still less of appreciation, at the present day. I took refuge in prayer, — a process whose spiritual aim and practical end is discipline.

But the most noticeable phase of this early religious training was the strange secrecy that was maintained on all sides in regard to moral problems from a practical point of view. I speak of the sermonizing on the subject. "Lead us not into temptation," was interpreted in its widest significance. I was terribly impressed with wickedness in the abstract. Ignorance and innocence were supposed to be the safest route to salvation. One day coming across the expression, "The Scarlet Woman," I asked Mr. Brown to explain it to me. I remember his answer: "My boy, at your age curiosity will do you a great deal more harm than enlightenment will do you good. Study

the 'Paradise Lost' and beware of the popular craving for the novels of Dickens."

This, then, was the religious atmosphere in which I was being educated. Its central tenet was the necessity for an absolute ignorance of the world and its dangers from the practical point of view, in combination with religious safeguards that were depended upon to act instinctively in times of temptation and danger. It has been necessary for me to dwell on this religious situation at the time when my personality was beginning to assert itself, in order that the practical tests of the system which came later may be thoroughly understood. It was in this supersensitive condition, therefore, that my final studies in my twelfth year in the academy in Fortrose were continued.

The sudden change in my habits and general deportment was immediately noticed by my father and by McTavish, the schoolmaster. The former took many opportunities to favor and encourage me. The schoolmaster also, taking his cue from my father, took considerable pride in the progress I was making in my studies. This schoolmaster was first of all and principally an educational machine, but considering the material and the difficulties he had to contend with, some sixty or seventy boys and girls of various ages in a single room, under his exclusive direction, he was

probably the right kind of man in the right place. At no time during my pupilage under him, however, did this man have any intellectual or moral attraction for me. He possessed a method, and that was all. In my mind's eye I can see him now standing on the platform at the end of the schoolroom, slightly to one side of an enormous blackboard, a long lance-like pointer in one hand, and the ever-present "taws" swinging significantly in the other. He brings the pointer down sharply on the floor and says, "Attention." Then he scribbles off a problem of some kind on the board, takes a step forward and says, "One, two, three, off!" At once there is a rattle and squeaking of slate pencils, and after an interval some one brings his slate down on his desk with a slam and shouts, "First." Others follow in rotation as fast as their tasks are completed. Meanwhile, McTavish is in the body of the hall, scrutinizing the answers and admonishing the slow ones. In all probability he pounces upon a "dunce," takes him by the ear and deposits him silently in the corner of the room with his face to the wall. Occasionally, however, in a magnanimous mood, he returns to the platform empty-handed and explains the difficulties in the problem in the most sympathetic manner. Once in a while in his remarks to the pupils he lapses into the brogue of the neighborhood. On one occasion I happen to

shout "First," at the top of my voice. "Jeames, my boy," he replies, "dinna shoot; when ye're no first, I'll be making a note of it."

But perhaps the most exceptional feature of this schoolmaster's administration was his quarterly "repoorts," as they were called. They were delivered in person. As a rule, he borrowed a pony for the purpose. He usually set out on a Wednesday afternoon and took in a circuit of seven or eight miles. At every house which he entered for the purpose of reporting the progress of the children, he was invariably refreshed with a good drink of whiskey; the consequence was that, by the time he was headed for home, the pony was thoroughly worked up. On the home-stretch we boys were agreed that there was no one like our schoolmaster for getting a Tam o' Shanter-like gallop out of that pony.

However, in regard to my own progress, I probably studied hard because I was compelled to. Thanks to McTavish, his methods, and his "taws," there was no doubt about my proficiency in the "Three R's." In regard to these fundamentals McTavish was a tyrant. Neither the Laird's first-born, nor the poorest lad in the village, could escape this initial drilling. And by the way, the number of books that were carried to and fro was one of the astonishing features of our school-life. Morning and evening the country

roads were dotted with boys and girls carrying piles of books certainly two feet deep at times, securely strapped between boards and slung over stout little shoulders. The girls usually managed to saddle themselves with the heaviest burdens, and the most desperate fight I ever engaged in was for the privilege of carrying one of these ponderous libraries.

Such, then, in brief, was my intellectual and religious condition when I left this village school and was sent to a grammar school in Manchester, England, to continue my studies. There were eight or nine hundred boys in this school, and I was admitted to it on what was called the "foundation." There was a batch of twenty of us who were successful in this way, winnowed out of a couple of hundred aspirants. When I left the school I was in the fifth "form." The master's name was Styles, and his methods and personality were typical of the whole school. Our class of thirty boys was divided into sections. Each section had its overseer — one of ourselves — and, in this way, the master kept in touch with every unit in the class.

Religious instruction was part of the curriculum, and, during an attendance of a little over three years at this grammar school, my religious ideas were enlarged considerably and my convictions deepened. This was also by far the hardest

study-period of my life, and my book-knowledge was extended over a wide range of subjects. I was also an inveterate football and cricket player, but my studies took precedence over everything. The concentration of mind, brought about by continuous study, resulted in a mental condition that was altogether too morbid and introspective, and but for the timely intervention and advice of Mr. Styles, serious mental results would have followed. I had only one or two companions whom I cared anything about, and they were nearly as studious as myself. I did not get into scrapes of any kind, and I remember Mr. Styles saying to me one day that he thought if I broke loose once in a while it would widen my horizon a little. However, he went right to work on my case in his usual practical manner: he insisted on daily exercise and play, he took me to the theatre (I had never been in my life before), and during the following holiday season I went with him to visit some friends near London; incidentally he gave me a vivid introduction to some of the scenes and problems of a great city.

There is just one final feature of my training in this grammar school which I think it will be well to mention. This has reference to the class spirit that was instilled into the boys with such sincerity and force that it was actually a normal condition, both in field-sports and in studies, and

any deviation from it was always roundly denounced by the boys themselves. This phase of my school-life had a striking illustration during the class examinations, just before my departure from the school.

I was particularly anxious to head the class list on this occasion, and as I was in what was called a classical "form," or class, at the time, the principal tests were in our knowledge of Latin and Greek. There were thirty-odd boys in the form; the room just accommodated us comfortably, each boy being seated at his individual desk with his printed examination paper before him. My most dreaded rival in these examinations sat next me at a desk on the right, and I think that this boy, who was a genius in many ways, would have beaten me if he had not resorted to unlawful methods. We were translating a passage from the "Medea" of Euripides at the time, and as I happened to look round in this boy's direction, it struck me he was trying to hide something with his elbow. In short, I soon came to the conclusion that he was making use of a "crib" or translation, the edge of which just projected under his desk cover. I was so dumfounded that I could hardly believe my eyes. The fifth form was the second highest in the school, and such an occurrence among us was almost unthinkable. However, acting simply in the class spirit, which in

fact I did n't have to think about, I at once stood up and asked the form master if it would be considered the proper thing then and there to name a boy for cribbing. He replied, "Most certainly." I did so. The boy, without a word of excuse, bluntly and frankly pleaded guilty. He was immediately expelled from the classroom, and the cheering that followed the closing of the incident, which the master himself encouraged, gave me instantly to understand that I had not been mistaken in my estimate of the class spirit.

IV

My school life in Manchester ended rather abruptly. My younger brothers were coming along, and it became necessary for me to earn a living. It was a time when telegraph cables were being laid to all parts of the world. So I went up to London and spent some time learning to operate the cable instruments. I made such good progress that I very soon received an appointment in the service of a company that was then laying cables along the coast of South America, and forthwith I made preparations to leave England.

At this point it will be well to call to mind my intellectual and religious condition. I was pretty well equipped with school-learning, and my mind was filled with a mass of moral general-

ities, but of the world and its practical dangers and temptations I was supremely ignorant. I was extremely religious, but, according to modern ideas and standards, my education lacked its most essential feature. This, however, was the religious stage of my development, and it must bear its own burden and tell its own story.

Just before leaving England I received an invitation to visit a cousin who was home from India on a visit. He was about forty years of age, and by far the strongest, most practical, and withal the noblest kind of man I had yet encountered. He tried to explain to me the different aspects of city life from a practical point of view, but although I listened attentively to his advice it did not seem to appeal to me in a personal way. I could not get away from the mass of generalities in which my knowledge of good and evil was enveloped, and it was these practical aspects of life that my cousin endeavored to bring home to me in a final interview.

Just before my departure for South America, we sat side by side in the anteroom of a restaurant. I retain the liveliest and kindliest recollection of this conversation. My cousin spoke first of himself. There were many incidents and shortcomings in his own career on which he looked back with keenest regret, and perhaps on that very account his words should have had additional weight.

Then he turned to my own plans and prospects. He had been informed of my satisfactory record at school, but that by itself, in his opinion, did n't amount to much. The problems of life were not to be solved by the mere exercise of intellectual attainments. He said a good deal about heredity and environment, although he did not make use of these terms, but he laid emphasis upon what he called "streaks" and habits. All these ideas and situations, he contended, are for the most part derived from the behavior of people who drift. They have no terrors to the man with a purpose in life, and a will. He took a number of illustrations from our own family history as practical examples of individual success and failure, and to show that character is always dependent upon pronounced individualism.

In conclusion my cousin asked me if I had read any novels. He wished I would immediately read one of Bulwer-Lytton's — I have forgotten the title. He referred specifically to one passage or chapter in this book, in which the guardian of a young lady calls her attention to a small plant or fern half hidden among the rocks on a hillside. He told her he had been watching the little plant for weeks in its brave struggle to lift its head up out of its unfavorable surroundings into the clear air and sunshine. From my cousin's point of view it was a striking lesson in character-building, the

significance of which was accentuated by the parting advice given to this girl by the guardian, "Keep yourself unspotted from the world."

If my cousin had understood my mental condition at the time he would have been more explicit. As it was, I only half understood his meaning. To keep myself unspotted from the world was just another Biblical text, and I was still in the thraldom of these terrible generalities. However unusual and morbid my mental state at this time may appear to this matter-of-fact and practical generation, I cannot refrain from describing the sequel to this interview.

I wandered homeward to my lodging. Every step of the journey is indelibly fixed on my memory. Early in the afternoon I took a seat in a secluded spot in Kensington Gardens. Before long I was disturbed and sought a still quieter situation. I soon found an enormous tree-trunk, roots and all, from which the tree itself had been severed and carted away. In the great cavity in the ground, caused by the violent uprooting of the tree, I ensconced myself. I wished to think over this problem of life, and of my future, which my cousin had been trying so patiently to impart to me. What did he actually mean when he told me to keep myself unspotted from the world? Was there actually a conspiracy in nature or otherwise, for the waylaying and moral destruc-

tion of people? If so, under what guise and in what form was I to look for it? Hour after hour I pondered, and still no light came. I was finally aroused from my reverie by the monotonous and oft-repeated cry of the park policeman, "All out, all out." Then I made the best of my way homeward.

A few days later, in the city of Lisbon, the revelation and the awakening took place. It is all so simple now. It was so terrible then. It happened in this way.

There was some delay to our outward-bound steamer at Lisbon and the opportunity presented itself to go on shore for a while. Several of my fellow clerks were also on this ship, but they had been seasick in the bay, so I did not bother about them. I went on shore alone. It was, of course, my first introduction to a foreign city, and it goes without saying that the dreamy, languorous atmosphere, the sun-baked streets, the sort of aimless sauntering of the populace in this semi-tropical city were very new and strange to me.

Before long a young man stepped up to me and inquired in good English if I did not wish to look at the most notable buildings and sights of the city. He would be glad to show me round for a mere trifle. So I made a bargain with him and set out. We visited many places of interest, and, finally, in crossing a large square, my guide

excused himself for a minute for the purpose of speaking to a young woman, who happened to cross our path. After an interval he returned. He immediately began to tell me about the young woman. It was an extraordinary case; she was a cousin of his from the country, driven from home by harsh treatment, and here she was alone and penniless in the city. He had n't seen her for years. However, he had directed her to his own home, where she would be taken care of for a time, at any rate. Then we continued our sightseeing.

Finally, I mentioned my desire to return to the ship. I then offered the man the sum of money we had agreed upon. He said he would attend to that later, and added, "Here we are close to my home; if you will step in we can sit down and rest for a minute or two, and take a little refreshment." It was the simplest kind of a proposition, so we entered the house together. He led the way into an inner room which was cosily fitted up with lounges and reclining-chairs, on one of which I seated myself. He then left the room.

Ten minutes or so passed away and I was beginning to wonder at the delay, when the door opened, and a young woman appeared on the threshold. It was the interpreter's cousin whom we had met in the public square. She greeted me

familiarly and extended her hand. I shook it mechanically. Her garments were sparkling with ornament, and a mass of color. For a second she simply stood there playing with a tassel that dangled from her headdress; then suddenly from her lips came a ripple of laughter, and she tapped her foot lightly on the floor.

Meanwhile, my mind was passing through a tempest of conflicting emotions. Something said to me, "Here you are at last — what are you going to do about it? Here is your generality in human form — the event itself."

In an instant the situation in its true light dawned upon me. The mental struggle banished. A world of generalities were converted instinctively into a practical decision. It was at once a recognition and an outburst. The writing on the wall was now made clear to me in all its vital significance: "Keep yourself unspotted from the world."

I brushed the woman to one side, ripped open the door, and found myself face to face with the interpreter. I threw his money at his feet. I seemed to possess the concentrated strength of a dozen men. I sent him spinning across the floor and rushed out into the street.

II

LIFE PROBLEMS IN SOUTH AMERICA

I

A JOURNEY of a few hundred miles in any country is usually sufficient to separate a boy from his home props and influences, and to impress upon his mind, in some degree, the necessity for independent thought and action. But the separation in such a case is seldom complete. He may still find himself among friends and, at the worst, his neighbors will understand his needs, and be able to speak his language. But let him once put an ocean between himself and everybody he has ever spoken to or loved in this world, and immediately time and space, and the void in his own heart, become almost immeasurable. Such was the situation I was called upon to face on my return to the steamer, after my adventurous and very clarifying experience on the streets of Lisbon.

And just at this point in my narrative, a word of explanation should be given. It must not be imagined by my readers, or assumed for an instant by myself, that in the stage which I am now attempting to describe there was, to begin with, any suspicion of philosophy in my mental

composition. In Lisbon I had received a sudden and somewhat rude awakening. After a long period of intellectual and religious cramming, I suddenly found myself face to face with example and illustration in the concrete. It is impossible to describe the mental change that accompanied this awakening. In a very matter-of-fact way, I began to recognize in my environment a number of other dangers of a very practical and personal nature, and in order to steer clear of them all, I fell back upon the only resource of which, at the time, I had any knowledge, and that was prayer.

At the present day, I am afraid prayer has very little intellectual or spiritual reality. In polite society, and in the public schools, for example, it is seldom mentioned in a spiritual way, or even as an intellectual or moral exercise, although, we may as well confess, no substitute for it has ever been proposed. Its educational value, however, has always seemed to me immense.

From the fact, then, that I have given this period of my life very serious consideration, I think I am justified in concluding that my understanding of the situation is, in the main, correct: that when I returned to the ship, after a visit to the city of Lisbon, it was simply fear that took possession of me; for the most part, moral fear, which one of those Biblical expressions, so

pregnant with practical insight, reminds us is "the beginning of wisdom."

I wish to be clearly understood in my defense of these natural safeguards under the protection of which I was preparing to face the world and its problems, for the reason that fear also, as a moral and educative force, is now frequently looked upon as a relic of religious barbarism. In the new dispensation, love is to take the place of fear. By all means let us welcome the change, but there is danger in haste. As a practical factor in life, fear is still of the greatest economic and spiritual value. The natural order of spiritual progress seems to be, fear, purification, and then love. In the Biblical text, "Perfect love casteth out fear," the emphasis is on the word "Perfect."

The day after leaving Lisbon, I made the acquaintance of some of my shipmates. Besides myself there were three telegraph clerks on board, and with one of them, in particular, this narrative has considerable to do. His name was Broadbent. He was then about thirty years of age. He was a widely informed man, particularly well posted in all matters relating to his profession. He was one of those intellectually clever men who sometimes find it difficult to settle down anywhere. He had filled responsible positions in the cable service in all parts of the world, and he was then on his way to Brazil as clerk in charge

of the cable office at Santos, where I expected to be located for a time; consequently I lost no time in making his acquaintance. He proved to be a man of ideas, as well as of great practical experience. He had also read a great deal, and knew how to utilize his information conversationally.

It did n't take Broadbent long to look me over and take my measure. In a day or two after leaving Lisbon I had shaken myself clear of any desire I might have had for introspection or solitude. Physically I was in splendid condition, and this led naturally to mental and bodily enthusiasm of every description. I distinctly remember, after my first night on board ship, with what an all-absorbing curiosity in regard to myself and my surroundings I ventured on deck. I felt a great desire to know people, to mingle with them, and to find out what they were talking about, and I began with Broadbent.

He seemed to enjoy my frankness and simplicity of manner. I was making my first appearance in the world, and he found me unusually interested in everything and everybody. I made no secret of my religious training and convictions, and the ingenuous, matter-of-fact way in which I expressed myself on the subject seemed to arouse no end of amusement and interest. I can never forget Broadbent's remark at the end of our first inter-

view: he said, "You are a strange fish in muddy waters."

To tell the truth, this kind of reception flattered my vanity, and started a current of self-esteem. I understand now that right here are to be noticed the first indications of a definite philosophy, which in a few days, with the assistance of Broadbent, was brought out into clear relief.

After mingling with people on the ship for a day or two, I was very much surprised to note that practically everybody was either ignorant or neglectful of what may be called the Biblical treatment of the problems of correct living. It was just at this point, and in this manner, that I first got it into my head that I was an individual representing something that differed essentially from the spiritual stock-in-trade of the people in whose company I was. And thus, in the most natural way, and at the outset of my career, I found myself face to face with the philosophy of personal conduct in its relation to life in general.

Broadbent soon found out what I was driving at, and singled me out for his intellectual quarry. He told me in plain English that he had met me before in different shapes and sizes, that he looked upon all such people as interesting mediæval survivals, emotional for the most part, but not lasting. In fact, in his opinion, all that was wanting to convert me into a reasonable and useful

member of society, was to put me into actual touch with people and conditions, and then to instill into my callow and superficial understanding, a little knowledge in regard to the biological and sociological discoveries with which scientists and philosophers were then busily enlightening the world.

Broadbent was altogether too big for me at this game. I had neither the knowledge nor the ability to meet him on his own ground in an argument of this description. Furthermore, I actually admired the man. I absorbed the information he imparted to me, by the chapter. It was all so new to me, and, withal, so fascinating. I could see no reason to doubt the truth or underestimate the value to society, of the discoveries of science which he championed so eloquently. But down in my heart my satisfaction was tempered with a sort of secret determination to find out, as soon as possible, just what effect all this wisdom had had in the past, and was having in the present, upon Broadbent the man. This was the issue that my individuality and budding philosophy were preparing to test him with, and later on he was called upon to answer these personal inquiries.

At that time, however, he had little idea of the nature of the soil he was trying to cultivate. He looked upon me as a precocious greenhorn, and he proceeded cleverly, and with design, to

draw me out for the edification of our little ship-board audience. But I was not so green as he imagined. My mental experience was considerable, and my contact with life, and with Broadbent, was converting my reveries into expression and ideas of a practical nature. Unavoidably those were idle days on board ship, and a week spent in Broadbent's company was probably equal to a year's intercourse with people whom one meets in the usual way. Broadbent, I think, was a little flattered, or at any rate amused, at the tribute I paid by my attention to his intellectual attainments, and our discussions became the talk of the ship. On several occasions the cabin of one of the officers, in which our conversations took place, was crowded to the door.

The reasons I have for remembering these discussions are much more than personal. My experience was only an illustration, on a small scale, of the intellectual excitement that was being aroused at the time, all over the world. It was finding practical and theoretical expression in a great wave of miscellaneous experiment and discussion. For one thing, the Book of Genesis and miracles of every description in Biblical history were on trial at the bar of the "Missing Link." As it seems to me, nothing has ever aroused and stimulated the intellectual, and particularly the critical, faculties of mankind so universally and

permanently as this simple biological investigation. Hitherto, in Broadbent's own words, the mind of society, in its treatment of human knowledge had been, intellectually speaking, like a closed oyster, and now Darwin and Lyell and Tyndall and Huxley and Herbert Spencer were opening it with cold-blooded indifference to people's feelings or opinions. A more auspicious point of time for any young man to make his entry into the world of science, religion, and practical affairs cannot be imagined.

The abruptness of this intellectual split cannot, I think, be appreciated to its full extent by the present generation. It was not so much a mere question of evolution on the one hand and creation on the other. The movement itself, represented by the men I have mentioned, signalized the bursting of all barriers, and the complete enfranchisement of the mind in every department of human inquiry.

I remember in what a clever and fascinating manner Broadbent imparted to his listeners the latest marvels of sociological and biological experiment. I recognize now, in connection with it, his distinct foreshadowing of the doctrines of socialism. But these revelations, which in fact I little understood, did not disturb me in the least. Nearly every word the man uttered enriched my mind and widened my horizon.

But then again, when I retired to my cabin, after listening to Broadbent, I still, and always, found myself face to face with my own individuality, that is to say, with my own personal problems. This was inevitable for the following very practical reason. Nearly every man on the ship spent most of his time in drinking and gambling. These were facts of which, hitherto, I had not had the slightest practical knowledge. I instinctively understood that these habits were fundamental, and, looking on from day to day, I could not for the life of me understand how these great personal issues of life were simplified, or solved in any way, by the discovery that creation was a myth. In this way, in spite of my increasing enlightenment, the personal aspect of affairs acquired additional emphasis, and was not to be disturbed by any mere theory of origins.

Broadbent, however, stated his case very clearly. I remember his argument distinctly. He affirmed that character, in its best sense, is fundamentally scientific and not religious, and for this reason good behavior is bound to win out in the end. I, on the other hand, insisted on separating the issues. I contended that the end or result he looked forward to by the scientific route, was too far off for practical purposes; and that in the mean time, the personal method, guided by precepts of Christianity, must remain the thorough-

fare to personal and social salvation of every description. Right here on this issue, before the end of the voyage, Broadbent and I locked horns. In his opinion the scientific interpretation and unfolding of life contained also its moral interpretation. Many people who figure in the same way at the present day, fancifully propose to refill the churches by a fairer adjustment of economic conditions. To me, then as now, it seems possible and necessary to separate the issues, and to insist upon a clear understanding of their value and relative importance.

Be this as it may, I told Broadbent I was glad to hear his side of it for his own sake. I informed him that I was going out to Brazil in the first place, of course, to earn a living, but incidentally also, to study the lives of people, including his own, with the idea of finding out, if possible, just how our opinions on the subject stood the test of actual contact with life.

However, to do Broadbent justice, he had done me a world of good. In the short space of three weeks I had changed or been converted from a mere boy, perplexed with a mind full of emotional instincts, into an individual, with a more or less definite trade-mark, and with a certain point of view in regard to life and living in which I had become enthusiastically interested. I had stepped suddenly into the midst of the world of affairs;

my impressions of people and of conduct were acute; every person on this ship was a problem of some kind to me, and every hour that passed added to my stock of practical enlightenment.

But while Broadbent and I were engaged in these sociological discussions I became, at the same time, involved in a matter of a different nature altogether, at the hands of another man who, meantime, had become interested in me and my fortunes.

II

When I look back at the outline of the past, the events worth mentioning stand out by themselves and assume a dream-like reality. Doubtless the events cut deep and the impressions were acute, hence their survival; and now distance and time have added to their enchantment. The facts and the faces are still to me intensely real; nevertheless, my casting adrift from home influences, my first sea-voyage, my first encounter with opinions and people, and my first observations of life, read to-day more like a chapter copied at random from "Gulliver's Travels," or the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," than a narrative of sober happenings that took place on a humdrum steamship.

To me, at any rate, the world in its first appearance was a tremendous situation, and I was a sort

of unaccountable fact awaiting treatment of some kind, in the centre of it. My curiosity and enthusiasm, however, were only heightened by the consciousness of my personal insignificance. On this my first sea voyage, in a most astonishing manner, practical intelligence and enlightenment were imparted to me in a series of shocks, and every increase in knowledge added to my self-importance in relation to my surroundings. Every time I came on deck I looked round for new features and new faces to investigate. I was continually on the tiptoe of expectation, and this unfeigned and exuberant interest which I took in my environment, was returned to me before long, very curiously, and in double measure.

Among the passengers on the ship was a well-to-do Spaniard, a South-American trader, as he was called, and his son José. They were returning to their home in Rosario, then as now a city of rising importance in the Argentine Republic. The merchant was a widower, some sixty years old, and his son was a pale-faced, interesting boy, of studious habits, my senior by a year or two.

Beginning at school and continuing until to-day, one of the greatest of my intellectual pleasures has been the study of languages; so when I found out that this young fellow was as anxious to learn English as I was to acquire a knowledge of

Spanish, an acquaintance was begun between us that soon developed into a closer intimacy. We went to work systematically in our studies; twice a day, regularly, for two weeks, we came together for the purpose of adding to our vocabularies, and of engaging in conversational exercises, and during these study periods the old gentleman was always an interested listener. Under such favorable conditions our progress was remarkable. In less than two weeks, with the assistance of the dictionaries added to the very slight knowledge of the language we had acquired in school, we could worry through almost anything we wished to say.

As the days passed the old Spaniard's interest increased, and he began to ask me all sorts of questions about my business intentions and prospects. It was customary for many of the young men on the ship to come together daily and engage in gymnastic exercises. In some of the competitions I more than held my own. This seemed to astonish the old gentleman; that one so young should be so enthusiastic physically and intellectually at the same time, seemed to him most unusual. And then again, my simple application of Biblical texts to everyday-life, and my interpretation of them from the personal standpoint, seemed to please him exceedingly. He had quite a fair knowledge of the English language, and had no difficulty in understanding me. The boy, also,

was interested in these matters and took pleasure in my society. As for me, I knew absolutely nothing about Spanish life and character, and I did not pause long enough to give my growing intimacy with these people so much as a passing thought. I was open-minded, however, and judged appearances for just what they seemed to be worth. Without advice from anybody I trusted my own judgment and went ahead. But at night, in prayer-like reveries, I always squared up for the day's doings, and acquired fresh courage and guidance for the days to come.

At intervals the old gentleman questioned me about the details of my situation in the telegraph service, and he seemed to think very little of the opportunities and prospects connected with it. On the other hand, with great earnestness, he and the boy tried to impress upon me ideas of the wealth and enterprise of the people in Buenos Ayres and Rosario, and of the splendid future that was in store for a part of the American continent that was just then beginning to acquire a world-wide celebrity. In his broken manner and language, and as best he could, he repeatedly broached the idea and wish that I should become interested in some enterprise more in harmony with my talents and enthusiasm.

This familiar intercourse was continued until we came in sight of the harbor at Rio de Janeiro.

I was then in that amiable and impressionable state of mind when the affectionate regard of these people took right hold of me, and I listened to the glowing story of the old Spanish merchant with unfeigned interest and delight. Just when the passengers whose destination was Rio — and I was one of them — were making ready to leave the ship, I was invited to his cabin for a farewell interview. Broken as was his language, I had no difficulty in understanding the drift and exact substance of this conversation, which culminated in a remarkable proposition.

The fact of the matter was, he was opposed to my leaving the ship at Rio. He could not bear to terminate our friendship so abruptly. Was it not a fact that José and I were getting along famously in our studies? It would be such a pity to separate us. We should make a splendid pair of workers in any business, especially in his business in Rosario, which in a few years, in the ordinary course of events, would belong to José exclusively. And then, again, there was his little daughter Amelie, who was in Rosario, awaiting his return. She was so very amiable and so very pretty. At that moment, to be sure, she was a mere child just passing her eleventh year; but what of that? By the time I should be twenty she would be a charming little woman. In short, the proposition was from his heart, honest and unmistakable, and the old

trader's hand was in mine as he made it, — so many thousands and a share in the business to begin with, and in the near future a partnership and a bride; the details regarding my baggage and the affairs of the telegraph company could easily be arranged.

From his point of view there was nothing remarkable in this seemingly generous offer. Adoptions of this kind were everyday occurrences among Spaniards in South America; in fact the people were looking forward to this blending of races as a national policy, which closely concerned their social and industrial destiny. Undoubtedly, then, under these circumstances, a career of unusual activity and usefulness, as well as of domestic happiness, was in store for me. On the other hand, he continued, if I landed in Rio, and took my chances in that unholy city, I was doomed to destruction. Not one in a score of the young Europeans who tried to live, or rather to flicker for a while in such pestilential localities, was able to weather the scourge of the climate and the riot of social conditions. As for the cities, there was actually no choice — Rio, Santos, Bahia, Permanbuco, Para, they were all the same. In six months I would certainly find myself physically wrecked and morally ruined. To Rosario, then, where health and happiness awaited me!

It is impossible to look back upon this situation

with an unbiased or fully equipped understanding. Never before or since those memorable days on board ship has life appeared to me to be so full of hope, so temptingly dangerous, so splendor-laden. I am willing to admit that everything connected with my progress up to this point must be looked upon as unusually eventful and, in a measure, prematurely expansive. The story is none the less interesting on that account. Selecting its most prominent and typical incidents, the most humdrum existence has nearly always a dramatic outline; and for the rest, I can only judge of what I was, or of what I thought at the time, by what I actually did. For instance, did the romantic and mercenary features of this proposition appeal to me? Certainly not, in their full significance. Did I pause to think what the folks at home would have to say about it? Under the circumstances this would have been of little use. To give a candid opinion, however, I should say that my instinctive and budding self-assertion, my love of adventure, and, above all, my insatiable curiosity to get into the world of affairs and interpret for my own use some of its riddles, were my all-powerful guides on this occasion. I accepted the proposition, in a provisional way, on the spot.

This first journey on shipboard is more important in my autobiography than the two years of work and experience in South America that fol-

lowed. It was a point of departure that set me adrift on a wave of personal investigation, and intellectual adventure, that I shall now describe.

As for the proposition of the Spanish merchant, it soon died a natural death; and the story has little relation to my future, except as an illustration of the bold way in which, without premeditation, I set out to experiment with opportunity, and with my own powers in connection with it. However, I explained the affair, in part, to Broadbent, who took a business-like view of the matter, and arranged for a short leave of absence from my duties. The adventure itself soon came to an end. I remained for two or three weeks in Rosario, and, ridiculous as the affair may now seem, was beginning to think seriously of a permanent sojourn, when suddenly the old merchant died. Then a change came over the scene and the prospects; some legal and domestic complications arose, in which I had no desire to take part. To simplify matters, I withdrew from the family circle, and made the best of my way to my original destination at Santos.

III

I must pass over my two years' sojourn in Brazil with a sort of feverish retrospection. My experience was too pitiful, too tragically interesting, too prolonged, to come within the limits or

province of any ordinary nightmare. Looking back at it all, it may rather be likened to a chapter in Bunyan's famous allegory in which the pilgrim, encountering unexpected temptations and pitfalls, receives his first terrible set-back. Years of progressive enlightenment have doubtless bettered the situation in Brazil, from every point of view; but when I arrived in the country, in the late seventies, the social and moral environment in which I found myself, was simply indescribable. But in order to make my own conduct appear in a measure reasonable, and to account for the mental abyss into which I was finally plunged, I must run over a few of the events, and describe some of the conditions, as briefly as possible.

The telegraph office was located in a great stone building which faced the harbor. The clerks, five or six of us, had sleeping-rooms in this block. The office work itself was pleasant, and the salaries of the men were quite liberal. It took me about a week to get an idea of the place, and a year's sojourn did not alter my first impressions. For a few hours during the morning there was considerable business activity, but the afternoons were usually very quiet and intensely hot. The real life of the place opened up when the offices closed, and the sun went down. Then a carnival of drinking set in. In this the Europeans were the chief participants. The natives had their faults, but

excess in drinking was not one of them. The friendly advice I received on my arrival, to get intoxicated and remain in that condition, if I would escape the yellow fever, was lived up to, so far as I could make out, by every one who could afford it. The arrival of a foreign warship, or of a man of note, called for international courtesies which frequently ended in midnight street brawls.

The local police force was helpless at the hands of these roisterers; license was not confined to mere conviviality; in the midst of it all, women were a commodity. At intervals they were imported from Europe in batches and auctioned off in the saloons, under all sorts of contracts, to the highest bidder. Single men were by no means so abandoned as those who were married and had families. This, I was assured, was a proper and reasonable state of affairs. Society was more vitally interested in the rising generation than in the behavior of those who were no longer in the matrimonial market.

For a month or so I moved up and down, as it were, in the midst of this social inferno. Then I went to Broadbent. I knew from observation that he was not much better than the crowd; nevertheless, I wanted to know what he thought about it all. The personal problem with which I was surrounded seemed to me to be overwhelm-

ingly important. Broadbent had told me on board ship that science, political and social economy, would take care of just such situations; but for the life of me, now that I was in the midst of this one, I could n't understand how these reforms and cures were to be initiated and kept alive without personal redemption, beginning within and bearing fruit in social and economic reforms.

The people whose conduct I am criticizing were rich enough; they were intelligent, in a way, and could reason and talk about other people's ideas by the hour; but they lacked the acute moral sense which, in the aggregate, constitutes the social conscience. I could not help noticing at the time the close relationship that must always exist between personal and civic behavior.

On some of the side streets dead and dying negroes were occasionally thrown out into the gutters. And again, one day I met a procession of smallpox patients, in all stages of the disease, dragging themselves through the public streets on the way to climb some Mount of Piety, to pray for intercession, while from the courtyards of every church in the city showers of rockets ascended on prayerful missions, cracking the skies with an earsplitting din.

I went to Broadbent, I say, with my troubles, but I soon discovered that in spite of his intellectuality, he was nothing but a social degenerate.

His conversation was one thing, his conduct was another. In so many words, "Eat and drink," he said to me, "for to-morrow we shall die." According to him, yellow fever was the cause and sufficient reason, scientifically speaking, for personal depravity. It was indeed true that at intervals the scourge descended upon the city like a murrain among cattle. If there was anything in particular that was noticeable, it was its affinity for greenhorns, fresh arrivals, and clean people. Chronic drunkards, as a rule, were immune. Broadbent laid emphasis on these facts and one day, after explaining the situation in detail, he said to me in substance, —

"Come along, be one of us. It is either this or death, or perhaps something worse than death. You know Fillimore, of course. He works beside you in the office. But you never entered his room, did you? To begin with, conditions frightened his moral and physical nature, as they have yours. He came from a nice home, I understand. A few drinks and a little companionship would have straightened him out, but we could n't get him to emerge from his shell. So now he comes down to the office in the morning, and sneaks back to his room in the afternoon, and in the evening he gets out into the suburbs and captures creeping things of every description. His room is alive with lizards and beetles and all kinds of reptiles

running loose. His poisonous pets, such as tarantulas, he keeps under glass covers. He does his own cooking on an oil stove. He has never ventilated or cleaned his room. He is beyond the reach of the fever, for he is inconceivably filthy. He is everlastingly reading the Bible. Just think of it! This is what it is to be driven back on yourself in this forsaken country. You know what the alternative is — take your choice."

This almost, but not quite, concluded my intercourse with Broadbent. I said to him, "I understand the situation, I hate your philosophy, I refuse to compromise. I, too, will fall back on myself."

I kept the fact to myself, but to tell the truth, I was mentally and morally stunned. Broadbent had, at least, opened my eyes and given me a graphic description of the abyss of iniquity into which, with unabashed countenance, he invited me to plunge. Good people no doubt there were in that neighborhood, but I never met them or heard of them; and who could blame them, in such a maelstrom of depravity, for keeping aloof or in hiding. But the situation to me, at the time, was actually worse than it appears to be on the surface. This was my first introduction to business and social circles, and although I knew intuitively that in my own country, for example, social behavior and conditions were on an infinitely higher level, I had as yet no practical assurances on the

subject except as a schoolboy; and in this, my first plunge into business and social affairs, I found the representatives of nearly every European nation engaged in social orgies that would have been a disgrace to any community in the worst days of the Roman Empire.

To tell the truth, I was terribly disappointed. The door through which my ambitions and aspirations pointed, seemed to shut with a bang. In a very short time, like Fillimore, I was in a class by myself, and to my surprise my religion had few consolations for me. Both religiously and socially, for the time being at any rate, I was a palpable misfit. My physical and moral enthusiasm had been stifled too suddenly. Inertia set in.

For a week or more I went about my duties mechanically; otherwise I was as listless and unresponsive as the sands of the desert. Then an idea occurred to me. I could n't break my contract with the company, but I could go to work and learn some of the languages which up to this time, on the streets and elsewhere, I had been listening to with a dull ear. I immediately turned all my energies and enthusiasm in this direction. It proved to be a delightful and profitable occupation. I went about it almost fiercely. I penetrated into slums, offices, private houses, and clubs, hunting up words and meanings, and also people to converse with. One day I would bury myself in an

underground kitchen with a Portuguese cook, and the next day, perhaps, I would take a San Paulo railroad train, get off at a way station, and spend an afternoon with an Indian in a canoe, learning the names of the birds, the trees, and the monkeys, as we glided through tangles of gorgeous foliage. For a stranger to be interested in one's native tongue is always a pleasing kind of flattery. Before long I was welcomed everywhere. In less than six months, I could hold my own in ordinary conversation in Spanish, German, French, and Portuguese. I was just beginning to take some kind of interest in my surroundings, and to plan understandingly and hopefully for the future, when Broadbent again appeared on the scene, and scattered my projects to the winds.

One day I sat at the dinner table in the hotel — the Europa. I was reading, or rather trying to read, out of a book. Chico, the waiter, had just left the room with an armful of dishes. My superintendent, sleeping off the effects of his afternoon tipples, was in the next room, snoring ponderously. The guests had all departed and, but for the rats that now and then jumped up on the table and made off with a morsel of food, I was alone. It was the fever-time of the year, and as I was suffering from a bad headache I was a little uneasy about my physical condition; and, besides, I was at the lowest ebb of mental depression. The

satisfaction I derived from my studies was, at best, a commercial one; otherwise, so far as progress was concerned, I was absolutely a failure.

It was my eighteenth birthday. The daylight was fading. I closed my book and, hearing a faint noise, I raised my eyes. Broadbent emerged from the superintendent's room, crossed the hallway, and hurried down the stairs. Tucked closely under his arm was the superintendent's hand-bag containing, as I well knew, the collections for the day — some thousands of *milreis*. I rushed after him down the stairway, and into the street. As I was turning the first corner, some one halted abruptly, or I ran into some one, who gave me a blow on the head that sent me sprawling into the gutter.

When I awoke, I was in bed in the hotel. The room was crowded with policemen and others; Broadbent was among them. I accused him of committing the robbery. The police received this intelligence as a joke, everybody smiled, and some one remarked, "He is out of his head." Then a burly negro came forward and informed the police that in turning the corner I had interfered with a combat of clubs, in which he was engaged, and that I had received a whack on the head that was intended for his adversary. This explanation was entirely satisfactory to the police, although the money was not forthcoming. Then

Broadbent almost shouted, "That boy has the yellow fever."

In two seconds the room was deserted. I leave the problem of the headache and fever symptoms, the apparition of Broadbent on the stairway, the robbery, the affair at the corner of the street, and the statement of the negro, to psychologists to unravel. As for me, I lay on my cot absolutely deserted until noon the next day, when a doctor appeared. Later the boys in the office got together and sent a nurse to my assistance. At the end of the second day I entered the fatal stage, and began to sink rapidly. The coffin was ordered. Later on I paid for it. But doctors and others were mistaken. I fairly hovered on the brink, as they told me afterwards, and then made a most unlooked-for rally. In less than a week I was out of danger. Meantime, however, in a fit of delirium I had unmercifully belabored my nurse with a pillow, and in her place a professional attendant was secured, a man whose name was Peixoto.

I cannot introduce Peixoto to my readers without an apology or an explanation of some kind. Physically and mentally he was a strange phenomenon, in appearance and faculties an almost unbelievable creature. Mentally he was a modern reproduction of Timon of Athens, in his last and misanthropic stage. Later on we shall glance at his pedigree and history; for the present, however,

it will suffice to say that he was an albino — neither a white nor a black man, but a cream-colored creature of medium height, athletic build, and dignified carriage. In his behavior as a nurse he was methodical and strong, yet as gentle and considerate as a woman. He had one curious habit. When not engaged in conversation, he nibbled incessantly on his lower lip, as any man will once in a while, when nursing a grief or an injury. Peixoto had both — he was a social outcast. His hair was white, short, curly, and silky, and it grew in tufts; his nose was flat, his cheek-bones were high, and his skin a sickly cream-color. The pupils of his eyes were red, and the parts that should have been white were pink. Apart from this he possessed a tremendous personality, and that was just where the trouble came in. Brazilian society had no use for this man except as a caretaker in cases of virulent disease. This fact cut him to the soul, and all humanity was to him, very naturally, a gigantic farce.

As regards my own sickness, complications set in, and I was confined to the hotel for nearly three months. During this period Peixoto was my constant companion. I was in my eighteenth year, physically and mentally a weakling at the time. Peixoto was in the prime of life. To convert me to his way of thinking and of judging humanity, he extended himself. In regard to what followed,

I have no excuse or justification to offer. For over two months I listened to, and absorbed, a good deal of Peixoto's philosophy. It was founded on the personal annihilation to which society and the universe had condemned him, and it all culminated in the homeless and hopeless conclusion that there was no God. Under his tutelage my religious convictions seemed to be smothered, although it was only a storm through which I was passing. Nevertheless, when I left the hotel I looked out upon the world, to some extent, through Peixoto's eyes.

Meanwhile, Santos had become an impossible place of residence for me, and I requested and obtained a transfer to Bahia. In a few weeks Peixoto followed me. Bahia was his birthplace, to which, periodically, he was in the habit of returning. It was a time when all the world was talking about the discovery of gold and diamonds in South Africa. Peixoto was seriously considering emigration to that country, where, he thought, among the savages, perhaps he would be able to find some kind of a social level; or where, at the worst, as a filibuster or freebooter, he could square accounts with creation in some way.

One day Peixoto and I took a walk, or rather a climb, from the lower to the upper city. As you look at it from the sea, Bahia has the appearance of a huge perpendicular rock. Some of the houses

seem to be up among the clouds, others down at the water's edge. Peixoto conducted me, by a circuitous route, to a convent situated in a narrow street in the upper section of the city. In this convent, he explained to me, he had been brought up and educated.

We entered the convent through an imposing archway, and passed into a large granite-walled hall, at one end of which was a heavily barred grating, and back of that a smooth stone pavement extending to another grating through which several nuns were passing garlands and flowers made of feathers, on long wooden shovels, to purchasers who made their wants known by long-distance signs at the outer grating. Thence we passed into a small chapel which had egress to the outside world by means of a long and very gloomy corridor. In one corner of the chapel there was a little niche or alcove in which was a cradle-shaped box. A rope attached to this cradle passed up through a wide chimney-like aperture to some chamber above. Peioxto explained to me in detail the significance of this machinery. The cradle was for the accommodation of abandoned children whom, with utmost secrecy, the depositors, or parents, wished the convent to adopt and educate. In this way, and in this very place, he, Peixoto, had made his first appearance in human society, and this was practically all he knew of his own history and antecedents.

Very soon after this visit to the convent Peixoto took ship for South Africa. I was fated to meet him again. It was several years later, in the midst of a fierce campaign which the British and their allies, the Zwasi Kaffirs, were waging against another Kaffir chieftain in the northern part of the Transvaal. Peixoto was in the service of the Zwasis. On the day of the final assault on the stronghold of the enemy, after the British had dynamited the caves, it became his duty, as he informed me, to intercept the survivors, stab them, and throw them down over the rocks. He was settling his account with creation in this way. But this is anticipating. I must return to the narrative of my own personal progress.

III

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURES IN AFRICA

I

At the outset of my third chapter I wish to emphasize the fact that I am doing my best to write, not simply the ups and downs of a somewhat adventurous career, but the plain history of a passion.

In the preceding sections of my story I have given a rough yet definite description of the soil in which this passion was planted, and of its manifestations and behavior when first it became conscious of its surroundings in the Highlands of Scotland. I have described the contact of my individualistic spirit with men and events when I was about to leave home; later, on board ship; and finally, during a sojourn of two years in South America. Before concluding the story of my experiences in South America, however, a final incident remains to be noticed.

Applying its lessons to my own progress, the story relates specifically to the character and influence of women. My experience in such matters has been somewhat unusual. For one thing, I can just remember my mother on her death-bed. As

a moral handicap the significance of this fact is immeasurable. Then, again, there were no girls in our family, no sisters for companions or playmates.

Let the reasons be what they may, as I grew up, I consistently avoided female society. But this instinctive disinclination for the society of girls and women was accompanied by the most spiritual ideas in regard to their personalities and influence. My youthful and well-remembered conclusions on the subject are plain as plain can be. As a growing boy it never occurred to me that any girl or woman of my acquaintance could possibly be less than perfect in the workings of her heart, in the details of her daily occupation, or in matters that related to her mission as a sex. My attitude at the time may be summed up in two mottoes: "I worship," and, "I serve."

But there comes to every mortal a time when youthful dreams must submit themselves to all sorts of practical and spiritual tests. In my case, the first clash was perhaps the most memorable event in which my personality has ever been called upon to take part. On the occasion to which I refer, I just happened to get close enough to the heart of a woman to enable me to understand a little of its fundamental character. It is one of those unforgettable links that still connect this most absorbing of life problems with my boy-

ish dreams. It was shortly after my arrival in Bahia from Santos. She was a married woman. This fact, to me at the time, had not the slightest significance. I made her acquaintance on board ship, on the way over from Europe. She was then the young bride of one of my fellow clerks. Unfortunately he was the flimsiest kind of a fellow, and six months of life in Bahia were sufficient to carry him well along on the highway to perdition. On my arrival in Bahia I knew nothing about this state of affairs. However, when I heard that the family were in trouble I determined to call, and after a while I found them in poorly furnished quarters in what was then known as the upper city.

At the time of my first visit the husband was in jail and the young wife was taking care of her baby girl and trying to keep body and soul together with the assistance of a boarder or two. Within a few days I, too, as a boarder, was admitted into the family circle.

Readers perhaps will imagine that I am about to give a simple variation of an old story. Be this as it may, the significance of the experience to me personally was incalculable.

With my advent the young wife seemed to acquire a fresh supply of courage. We soon became attached to each other in a quiet, sociable way, which easily led to the exchanging of confidences. Apart from her expressed gratitude, I knew abso-

lutely nothing about her affections, except as they shone in her face and were manifested in her motherly devotion. And yet it is true that as the days went by the situation developed most delightfully in impossible directions, as it were, until the current of other affairs hurried it along to a climax.

Before leaving Santos I had written home to make inquiries in regard to the situation and prospects in South Africa, and very soon I received word that arrangements had been made which would enable me to join a party of young fellows who intended to leave England on a certain date. Finally the time came for me to pack up and take leave.

So one morning I prepared to walk out of my boarding-house for the last time. To me the occasion, in minutest detail, is unforgettable. In thinking it all over from a distance, one recognizes, with a clearer understanding than at the time, the significance of such events in the life-journey of the individual. Every once in a while in their lives people focus in this way and take stock of spiritual progress. The picture in my mind of the final scene and leave-taking is something like this: —

A ladder of houses on a cliff-like street. The city sparkling in the first glow of the early morning sun. The harbor beneath, and, in the distance,

dotted with ships. Inside, a home, a flower-decked parlor, a child in a high chair pounding lustily on the table with little fists. The young mother sorrow-tossed, yet struggling to speak cheerfully. The face pale as pale can be, yet gentle and firm beyond description. The hand extended, and the words "Good-bye" at the point of utterance. Then suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, the features relax, tears stream, and the little body collapses. Just enough strength was left to enable her to rush from the room.

As for me, I stood there like a fool, bereft of motion, almost of thought. Quickly, however, I came to my senses. A situation hitherto undreamed of, yet actually rehearsed for two or three months in simplest everyday intercourse, dawned upon me. From her side and mine, all at once, I understood. I realized that to prolong my stay, or to call her back, would be sacrilege. Nevertheless, even today, I cannot easily account to myself for what followed. I turned to leave the house, and then the unutterable dilemma in my heart took refuge in action. I opened my purse and counted out upon the table, in sovereigns, the half of its contents. And that was the end of it all.

II

The scene now changes to South Africa. But before I begin the narrative of my travels and ex-

perience in that country, a word or two should be said regarding my aim and intentions in steering my course in such a strange direction.

To begin with, of course, there was the roving, adventurous spirit tucked away in my heredity, added to the disgust which I had acquired for my life and surroundings in South America. Then, again, there was the ever-present necessity of earning a living somehow and somewhere; and on top of all these considerations there came an enthusiastic invitation from a brother who was already in Africa, and who, at the time he wrote, was doing remarkably well at the Pilgrim's Rest Gold-Fields. Just what I was going to do when I got there was to be left altogether to circumstances.

In the second place, a preliminary word or two of explanation is due in regard to the period at which I appeared on the African scene; and a very brief sketch or reminder of a few of the historical events which signalized this period and with which, here and there, I was in close touch, will certainly not be out of place.

In those days there were no railroads either in Natal or the Transvaal, and the ox-wagon was the most important single feature of African life. The Transvaal Republic, when first I entered the territory in the year 1877, was in a state of commercial and political anarchy, principally from a lack of funds necessary to enable the farmers to con-

tinue their campaign against the Kaffirs. President Burgers and his executive were in despair and the Republic was in a state of hopeless bankruptcy when, on April 12, 1877, at Pretoria, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, armed with the necessary authority from the British Government, annexed the country as British territory.

The return of more prosperous conditions, however, aroused the Boers to renewed consciousness of their political subjection, and very soon, under the stupid and autocratic handling of the situation by British administrators, the old sores were reopened, and the war-spirit, nursed by the cautious and astute policy of Paul Kruger, who was at the head of the new movement, spread from farm to farm until it was fearlessly supported by nine tenths of the population.

At intervals following the annexation in 1877, came the Zulu War, which included the disaster at Isandlwana, the death of Prince Napoleon, the victory of Ulundi, and the capture of Cetewayo. Then, later, the campaign against the Kaffir chief, Sekukuni, in the north of the Transvaal, was undertaken, and this again was followed in 1880 by the outbreak of the first Boer war of Independence, with the battle of Majuba Hill, and the recession of the Transvaal to the Boers by the Gladstone Government, in 1881.

It was at the beginning of this string of histori-

cal events that I made my way into the Transvaal, and in the midst of these scenes I lived and moved about for over three years among the Boers and the Kaffirs.

While the events I have mentioned had but little direct connection with me and my fortunes, they form a sort of historical framework inside of which I moved up and down and formed personal opinions in regard to policies and peoples. In order to emphasize my personal relationship to these affairs and to these peoples, I think the best way will be to give a series of detached pictures of my African life and experience and to comment upon them by the way.

III

On the journey from South America to the Transvaal I halted for a day or two in Cape Town. Then I moved northward and spent a few weeks in the colony of Natal, where I happened to meet two men who took more than a passing interest in me and my problems. The first was Rider Haggard. At that time he was secretary to the governor. Haggard, like myself, was then in the making stage, and already his conversation was bristling with the "He," "She," and "Jess" of his novels. With Haggard's assistance I received an introduction to one of the most notable men of the period in that or any other country,

Bishop Colenso. He was one of those persecuted forerunners of religious liberty. At the same time he was universally recognized as the great peace-loving arbitrator between the Kaffirs, the Boers, and the British. Three or four times I met him at his home, amid dream-like surroundings, flowers and hedgerows and gorgeous vegetation, a grand old man with a retinue of stately ring-crowned Zulus for servitors and errand boys. He seemed to be devoting his declining years to the material and spiritual interests of a little village of dark-skinned mission children. For the first time in my life, I met a man who listened to my story, gave me much practical and spiritual advice, and sent me on my way with renewed courage.

At this point in my narrative I may as well say that, in my mind at the time, my personal mission in Africa was clearly understood. At the first encounter, in South America especially, Society and I had made the poorest kind of connection. The rough-and-tumble childhood, the religion of John Knox, the discipline of the "taws," and the sterling influence of vigorous and healthy environment in youth, had received a palpable setback. Hitherto Society had been confining me in many ways; I was anxious to grow in a physical direction especially, and for that reason the prospect of a few years in Africa appealed to me. At the same time, both intellectually and religiously, I

was holding my own. While I still remained steadfast to religious fundamentals, the meaning of religion in my mind, as well as its centre of gravity, was changing.

Of course, apart from this philosophy of life, there was, at all times, the problem of my material interests. Never in my life, however, have I had any schemes for the accumulation of money, and least of all while I was in Africa. I was possessed with a craving for knowledge, excitement, and personal expression. My mind was twenty years ahead of my experience. The problem for me would have been the same in any country — it was simply to find myself. In Africa as in South America I continued to follow my individualistic programme, and it must not be forgotten that my conclusions in regard to people and conditions were derived not from philosophy or reading, but from a discussion of live issues at camp-fires with indignant Kaffirs whose kraals had been sacked, and on wagon-seats with sturdy Boers whose everlasting theme was personal and national independence.

I can only refer in passing to the period of my initiation among these African scenes and people. In five or six months to become fairly expert in handling a wagon-whip and in spanning oxen, in horsemanship, hunting and rifle-shooting, and roughing it in general, was a very simple process

for a fellow at my age; but to become conversationally at home among Kaffirs and Boers, and to a slight extent among Hottentots and tongue-snapping or 'click'-speaking Bushmen, in a little over a year, was an achievement that can be comprehended only by those who possess a most retentive memory, and who from childhood have been passionately diligent and inquisitive in the study of languages. To me in Africa, this facility in languages was not only an ever-present and all-absorbing occupation, — it proved also to be the point of contact, sympathetically taken advantage of in every way, that enabled me to get unusually close to the hearts and the homes of those peoples, both black and white.

As illustrations of my African experiences I have in mind a number of characteristic scenes or word-pictures. The first is that of a transport-rider or wagon-driver. With a wagon and a span of sixteen or eighteen oxen, at different times I took loads of merchandise from the coast across the Free State or the Transvaal, to Kimberley, Pretoria, or the Gold Fields. In those early days a trip of this description in dry weather over the flats, which in places were simply black with herds of blesboks, gnus, and zebras, was a sort of long-continued picnic; but when you got into the swamps, or breasted a range of mountains, it soon turned into a heroic and sometimes into a desper-

ate undertaking. Then it became a supreme test of lungs and limbs and courage. Winding up through dangerous gorges and over rocky heights, this creaking Transvaal buck-wagon, the forerunner of civilization, dragged its perilous way. Its string of straining and panting oxen, every back on the hump, every nose within an inch of the ground, goaded to the limit of exertion by the reverberating cracks of a forty-foot whip, was, to me, an important element in a scene of physical splendor. And then at sundown, when we outspanned our cattle, cooked our food, smoked our pipes, and discussed the day's doings round the camp-fires with Boers and Kaffirs from other wagons, as they happened to visit us, I, at any rate, amid these scenes, soon became aware that Nature herself had taken me in hand, and that there was room in my heart for all manner of human sympathies; and that certainly, if I could have had my way, the whites and the blacks in South Africa would have worked out their social and political problems without a suspicion of bloodshed. But the collective interests of nations look upon Africa in a different light. I was soon led to observe that, so far as Africa was concerned, the interests of human society on the whole, and ideas of social justice in particular, were represented for the most part by shiploads of rum and rifles, by the debauching of Kaffir life,

the almost fiendish search for gold and diamonds, and the harrying of the Boers from the Cape to the Zambesi.

On my first trip with a wagon and oxen I shipped as a sort of "dead-head," learning the business. My second venture was with my own outfit. The route, with a load of miscellaneous merchandise, was from Durban in Natal to Bethlehem in the Orange Free State. I hired a driver for the trip, a good-natured mission Kaffir. His name was Grumpy. He could handle a whip, cook a meal, speak English after a fashion, swear, drink, and steal upon occasion with the best of his profession. In the matter of stealing, however, he drew the line at his own master. To me he was incorruptibly honest. So far as cheating and general iniquity were concerned, he never tired of reminding me that he had been educated in a school of experts, that is, of white men. I shall never forget the first time Grumpy reminded me of this fact. His first month's wages consisted of a handful of silver coins, among which there happened to be a florin, that is, a two-shilling piece. Taking my ignorance for granted, he held the coin up before me and looked at if half sneeringly, as if it contained a dangerous or snake-like quality. Then grinning from ear to ear he said, "Baas, that's a Scotchman." Of course I demanded an explanation, and his story substantially was as follows: —

"When I was still at my kraal in Swaziland, a number of years ago, the boys coming home from the Diamond Field brought news that they had been cheated. You must understand," Grumpy explained, "our boys are particularly fond of silver coins. Bulk means a good deal in Kaffirland. In buying cows and swapping them for wives there is nothing like a heap of silver coins to count and shuffle and squabble about. But you see, Baas, at that time the green Kaffirs did n't understand the difference in value, or notice the difference in size, between a florin and a half-crown piece. Well, once upon a time, hundreds of these Kaffir boys had been working all winter long, road-making and trench-digging near Kimberley, and when the time came, the contractor, who was a Scotchman, paid them their wages for the most part in florins, but counted them as half-crown pieces, and pocketed the difference. When the trick was discovered the contractor had departed. But Kaffirs never forget an injury of this kind; consequently, ever since, through the length and breadth of Kaffirland, a florin is known as a Scotchman."

Before long Grumpy and I became fast friends, and not once did he abuse the trust I placed in him. In posting me on the geography of the country, on the methods of handling the oxen, and on the other details of wagon-life, his services were invaluable. At the same time no schoolmaster

could possibly have been more patient or have taken more pleasure in explaining to me the proper intonation and meaning of words in his Kaffir vocabulary.

Grumpy and his companions were great smokers. On the trek at night, after the oxen had been securely fastened to the yokes, it was customary for the boys to construct in the soil a sort of tunnel about two inches high and ten or twelve feet in length and fill it with water. At one end the pipe-bowl was inserted, at the other end the mouthpiece. Then the boys, lying flat on their stomachs, rolled over in turns and inhaled great gulps of the intoxicating fumes. At such times, after I came to understand their language in some degree, I delighted to retire to my bunk on top of the wagon-load and listen, sometimes until midnight, to the orations, all about terrible fights and prodigious feasts, with which the boys regaled each other between their turns at the pipe.

But this first trip into the Free State with Grumpy as factotum was particularly memorable on account of an unfortunate experience on my first hunting expedition.

We had successfully scaled the Drakensburg Mountains and were encamped one afternoon at a drift of the Wilge River, when a couple of Boers came along and invited me to go hunting with them for an hour or two. I possessed a good rifle

and a splendid shooting pony, so without delay we set out in search of the game. And game enough there was, to be sure. We were hardly out of sight of our wagons when, cantering over a "rise," we came in plain view of a great herd of blesbok, the head of the column close at hand, with a long string behind it stretching out, it seemed, for miles, clear to the horizon. Catching sight of us, the mass as with one accord got under way and, headed by a number of leaders, tore across the veldt directly in front of us in a terrific stampede. My companions knew just what to do under the circumstances, and before I had sufficiently recovered from the excitement of the gallop to be able to aim straight, five or six of the animals had already succumbed to their skillful marksmanship. It was my first hunt and I suppose I was crazy with excitement; nevertheless, ever since I have always been heartily ashamed of my almost fiendish behavior that afternoon as a sportsman. I had always supposed that if I should fire deliberately at a house or a mountain, I could manage to hit it in some way. But after firing shot after shot as fast as I could ram the cartridges into my rifle, at a solid mass of galloping blesboks, I soon began to wonder what on earth had become of the bullets. Apart from the blesboks there was actually nothing in sight to aim at but the sky.

Denison University Libr

Meanwhile the Boers, continuing the hunt in their own way, aiming at animals, not at herds, had galloped off in different directions while the bewildered blesboks, cut up into panic-stricken squadrons by the galloping hunters, were tearing across the plains in different directions, for all the world like so many vanishing dust-storms. In less than ten minutes from the time the herd had been sighted I stood alone on the veldt at the side of my horse, bemoaning my luck, and pondering on the next move.

But no, I was not alone after all. On a hillock some two hundred yards away I sighted a solitary bull blesbok. He was calmly surveying me and my pony in the most inquisitive manner. "Going to drop dead in a minute or two," I said to myself. So I waited. I had only one cartridge left in my belt and I might need that, I soliloquized, to kill something else on the way back to the wagons. But it seems the old ram on the hillock had plans of his own, for suddenly he wheeled round and ambled slowly away, whipping the air with a broken and dangling hind leg. In a second I was in the saddle and after him. But the faster I galloped, the nimbler the old buck became on his three legs. I could scarcely believe my senses. He could trot and "triple" and gallop at will. But if I could n't shoot straight, I had learned as a boy to ride anything and everything in the shape

of a horse, and on this occasion my pony was a jewel of his kind. If I could remember them I should certainly be ashamed to give the details of that first African gallop across the veldt, dodging a labyrinth of holes, ant-hills, and boulders. It was a cruel errand. That pony was wing-footed, eagle-eyed, and remorseless; the game old blesbok, lumbering along ahead of us and now at last easing up a little, was doomed. In the end he simply halted, faced us, and awaited our approach. The tragedy was then completed with my last bullet.

But the end of the adventure was not yet. The primitive methods whereby in the dusk of the evening I beheaded and skinned that animal would better not be described. Let it suffice to say that in a few minutes I started on my return to the wagons with the hide and the hind quarters of the blesbok securely fastened behind my saddle.

But I had never given a thought to the course I had taken in my gallop across the veldt. I kept on and on, and before long it grew dark and somewhat cold. So I dismounted, and after thinking it over, I knee-haltered the horse and let him go, crept head first into a large ant-bear hole for a night's lodging, and made myself as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances, using the blesbok hide for a blanket.

The night was dark as pitch. Sleep was out of the question. I suppose that it was the haunches and the raw hide that attracted the creatures, but before long it really seemed as if I had settled down in a village of wild pigs and insulted the whole community. To begin with, squeaking incessantly, they seemed to be racing round and round in a circle, taking me for its centre. Then a number of jackals, drawing nearer and nearer, joined in the chorus. But I soon discovered that if I disliked the noise I fairly dreaded the silence. During the quiet spells I knew that something was chewing industriously at the projecting ends of the raw hide in which I was enveloped. It was hard work for me to keep kicking incessantly, but whenever I rested for a minute the chewing developed into vigorous and vicious tugs, the significance of which it was easy for one in my position to appreciate.

However, I kicked the night through in safety, and early in the morning, to my delight, I found my horse a short distance away, nibbling contentedly at his breakfast.

My troubles, however, were by no means ended. I spent the day as I had the evening before, wandering on and on without sighting a farmhouse or a scrap of a road. Luckily I had some matches, and at noon I built a fire and had some blesbok steak to eat, and when night came again, the blaze

I made kept the jackals and pigs at a distance. The following day, the third after leaving my wagons, I was rescued in a curious manner.

Approaching a "krantz" or stony hillock, I was leading my horse through the high grass, when suddenly right in front of me up jumped a little bit of a Bushman boy about three feet high, and scampered away in the direction of the krantz. Then I noticed something like a tent on the hillside, behind which the little oddity took refuge. In another minute I found myself in the presence of a Bushman and his wife. They were of the half-domesticated variety. The man could speak a few Dutch words and I had little difficulty in explaining my situation. He belonged to a Free State Boer, but at the time was on a pilgrimage of some kind and had halted for the day to doctor a snake-bite from which he was suffering. After loading their stomachs with my blesbok meat, I set out again with the Bushman as guide. Just before sundown we came in sight of our wagons. Grumpy had no difficulty in persuading me that for two days I must have been wandering round in a circle.

My next picture has the Boers for its centre-piece. For a while, after I had made sufficient money at the "transport" business to enable me to trade a little on my own account, I made my headquarters in the Komati district on a farm,

the property of a man named Prinsloo. I was trading at the time and making trips in different directions. In all that region, where the Steyn, the Joubert, and the Botha families predominated and at a later date became renowned for their patriotism, there was no such hater and baiter of the British as this man Prinsloo. And not without reason. Being too old himself for active service, he made up for it by perpetually rehearsing his exploits and experience to the rising generation and inspiring it with his heroic spirit.

In the struggle in South Africa, both past and to come, the individuality of these rugged farmers was at stake. As the Boer looked at it, and very reasonably, on the one side there were business and imperial interests, backed up by humbug diplomacy; and on his own side there were the simple issues of his home and his national existence. Old man Prinsloo was not only saturated with traditions and experiences of what he called British tyranny, but his own family had a personal grievance of the bitterest nature. He was by no means blind to the benefits of civilization, and being fairly well educated, he had, in an evil day, sent his daughter to some private establishment at the Cape, to be educated. It happened to be a garrison town of some kind, where the red-coats were continually coming and going. He lost track of his child and that is all the outside world knew

about the case; but everybody understood what had happened, and what was happening to young girls all over the world, especially in small out-of-the-way communities where scarlet jackets were in camp or garrison. I have heard Africander women allude to it under their breath as "the curse of the redcoats." With this private affair added to the national issue, Prinsloo's rage against the British was simply titanic.

But to do justice to him and to account, in a measure, for my personal estimate and impressions of these Boers, I will direct attention to another side of his character.

One evening while I was encamped on the high veldt which, on their long trips from the Kaffir Lands to the Diamond Fields, hundreds of natives were at all times crossing, the weather took a most unusual turn. It was in the spring of the year, when all over these fire-swept and blackened flats little tufts of green grass were beginning to sprout. The game from the Bush Lands was arriving in long strings and small herds, and traveling away to the southward. On the evening in question a snowstorm of unexampled severity — in fact snowstorms were almost unheard of in that part of the country — swept over these high lands. That night, old as he was, Prinsloo drove round among the farms in the district and collected a large party of his friends and relations. About

one o'clock in the morning the party arrived at my encampment. For the most part the men were on horseback, but there were also two or three cape carts loaded with fuel and kettles and coffee. A medley of voices aroused me from slumber with cries for blankets and coffee, with which they knew I was well supplied. Then Prinsloo himself jerked aside the canvas curtain from the end of the wagon and explained to me that the Kaffirs on the Kimberley highroad, a couple of miles away, were huddling together in heaps and freezing to death by the score.

It did not take the party long to get under way again. Before morning every Boer in the district was on the scene. The rescue of these naked unfortunates on that snow-covered highway by Prinsloo and his followers is the most pathetic and one of the most humanly gratifying of my African memories.

But to return to the Prinsloo farm. One day I returned from a short trip on horseback and alighted at the farmhouse door. Prinsloo himself came out and assisted me in caring for my horse. For some time I had been trying to sell him something or other, but on this occasion, when I broached the subject as we were entering the house, he dismissed the matter with the laconic reply, "After the war, my boy, after the war." The expression "After the war," was as old as the

first trek of the Boers northward from the Cape Colony. It came in very handy in the common affairs of life. For want of a better expression or excuse, domestic arrangements, building operations, or perhaps hunting trips and such like, year in and year out, were being postponed until "after the war." In this way its absolute certainty was forever kept in the minds of the people. It was a sort of perpetual echo that had floated down the years from that never-to-be-forgotten day at Slaghters Nek in the Free State, when a number of Boer prisoners had been strung up like criminals, and their wives had been dragged to the scene to witness the execution, as a lesson, it was said, to future generations. Among children the words must have filtered into the blood somehow. One day I asked a little mite of a patriot to run on an errand for me. He said he thought his mother might not approve of his doing so. Personally, however, he did n't object, and while he would n't do it just then, he hoped to be able to earn a few pennies from the "red-necks" in this way, "after the war."

However, Prinsloo and I stepped into the house and found therein quite a company of young Boers, sipping coffee and smoking their pipes. I understood in an instant that important business was being discussed, and it did not take Prinsloo long to enlighten me. I had barely taken my seat,

when out it came, straight from the shoulder somewhat in this way: —

"Look here, young man," he began, "some of these fellows say they like you; they think you are to be trusted. At any rate, when you sell us anything we usually get what we bargain for, which is no small recommendation. But what I have to tell you now is that affairs in our country have just about come to a head, and as you have seen a good deal and know a good deal about our cause in this district, you must now *get out* on five minutes' notice, or *swear in*, do you understand? Swearing in," he continued, "does n't mean that you will be commanded to fight for us, but simply that you must come under the Boer rule: keep your mouth shut, and help us in any other way you may choose."

Under these conditions it did n't take me long to "swear in."

That same night there was a big gathering of Boers in that neighborhood. It was nearly midnight when they separated. On the following day a column of redcoats on the main wagon-road to Pretoria was attacked at Bronkhurst Spruit by Boers coming from nearly every direction. The British force was practically annihilated. Even old man Prinsloo was satisfied. This was the beginning of the first Boer struggle for independence in 1880.

The next is a scene from Kaffirland. I make no apologies for my defense of the Kaffirs. My admiration for these people at that time is easily understood. The original human stamp was there, and you could study its manifestations to your heart's desire. I confess that I was ignorant at the time, and lacking in social experience; nevertheless, I was mentally at war with the artificialities and barbarities of civilization, and I found much in these unadulterated Kaffirs to renew my faith in human effort and human sympathies.

Some time before Sir Garnet Wolseley appeared upon the scene and burned their villages, dynamited their caves, and, with the help of his Zwasi allies, massacred the population, I was one day swapping salt for Kaffir corn at the "stadt" or town of a powerful chief of the Maccatees. His name, I think, was Mampoor. As this was the third or fourth visit I had made to this kraal, I had the run of the place, and was on friendly terms with the chief. On the occasion I am now trying to describe he was seated, or rather squatting, in front of his hut. He was one of the finest-looking specimens I ever saw of what was called a refugee Zulu Kaffir, tall, light-skinned, stalwart, and heavily fleshed. He knew how to combine business with pleasure by methods unheard of in civilized circles. At his side, jabbering inces-

santly, was a buxom *intombi* or maiden. She was next in order as his bride-elect. Once in a while the huge frame of the chief quivered and gave a sort of a chuckle as he happened to catch and enjoy one of her flattering remarks. But his attention, for the most part, was concentrated on the eloquence of three or four old men, minor chiefs or *indunas*, who were squatting on the ground in front of him.

These old men were trying to persuade the chief to provide an extra ox or two for the grand ceremony that was to take place in the afternoon. It is the picture of this ceremony, with its lessons of courage, endurance, and loyalty, that I wish now to describe, to account in a measure for the fascination which, I confess, Kaffir life had for me at the time.

In the centre of the town was a sort of common, or large inclosure. At the time I entered, inside the palisades, in a dense ring round the edges, the whole population of the town was massed. In a reserved centre space, a huge sacrificial ox stood at bay within a ring of glittering assegais. Squatted on the ground at a short distance from the nose of the animal was the royal butcher, horribly painted and befeathered. He was addressing the animal and telling him, in fitful screams, just what he was going to do to him later on, and once in a while the butcher changed

his tone to a whine, and implored his victim, when he felt the tickle of the assegai in his heart, not to get excited about it, but to take his time and to fall in such and such a way, with nose upturned to the wide sky, in order that the omens might be lucky, and the flesh untainted.

And just then, amid a terrific din of kettle-drums and the shouts of thousands, the boys themselves, glittering and handsome, brandishing their first spears and shields, entered the arena in long procession. The feast was in their honor. Their young hearts were filled with joy and triumph. The period of trial and purification was over. For a whole moon period they had been out among the rocks on the mountain-side, for the most part hungry and thirsty and blanketless. Their taskmasters had never let up on them for one minute. They had been drilled and buffeted, hammered with knob-kerries and pricked with assegais and hardened up to the very acme of daring and endurance. They were now to enter manhood, and nothing remained but the triumph and the feasting. One after another these war-bedecked young warriors jumped out of the procession into the arena and with frantic gestures and marvelous limb-play told the assembly, in passionate language, just what it is to be manly and dexterous and stout-hearted. Each one in turn was applauded.

The young girls, here and there in bunches, were jabbering incessantly and bubbling over with delight, while a number of old hags, doubled up, dried up, crooked beyond conception, and crazy with excitement, ambled around the arena in weird and trance-like gyrations. Then suddenly the centre space was cleared of everything but the ox and the dancing butcher. The assegai flashed in the sunlight, and the feast was on.

For reasons, then, which may or may not be apparent to my readers, I was in sympathy with those dissatisfied Boers and those heathenish Kaffirs. In my ignorance of, or dissatisfaction with Society, I suppose I failed to appreciate the forced relationship that, practically speaking, existed and exists between profession and expediency. My mind, at the time, was honestly crammed with precepts, proverbs, texts, and old saws about liberty, the pursuit of happiness, human rights and property rights; and with these fundamentals forever buzzing in my brain, I could not, for the life of me, account for the conduct of Europeans in Africa. From my point of view, then, with Christianity as a background, the excuse for the African wars was reduced to the simple objections of the ordinary traveler, that the Kaffir, as a rule, lacked soap, and the Boer, as a rule, forgot to shave.

It was at this stage of my mental and physical

experience in Africa that I met a certain individual, and immediately my whole line of thought and interest was changed; and as the result, within eight months I landed on American soil. It was just after the capture of the Kaffir chief, Sekukuni, by Sir Garnet Wolseley and his native allies, the Zwasis, in 1879, I think.

I was crossing the high veldt at the time, on the way from Leydenburg to Heidelburg. The journey itself was very interesting for other reasons, which cannot well be omitted from my narrative. A few miles out of Leydenburg, the wagon-road winds up the face of a precipitous mountain. With anything but a clever span of oxen, the ascent was long drawn out and extremely difficult. One morning, on account of a break in the wagon-gear, I was compelled to outspan some distance from the summit of the hill. Shortly after the sun had cleared the mountain-tops, the blanket of mist in the long valley below quickly evaporated, and exposed to view a remarkable scene.

A straggling column of Zwasi Kaffirs, about five thousand in number, came out of the mist and began to ascend the hill. They were returning from the country of their hereditary enemies the Maccatees, where they had been helping the British to burn and sack their principal town. Here and there could be seen small bunches of captured cattle and women, and bringing up the rear was a

long string of the wounded. Efforts had been made in Leydenburg to provide treatment for some of them in the hospitals; but what was the use? When the main body arrived and marched, chanting and jabbering, through the streets, the patients tore off the bandages and were soon hobbling along in the rear of the procession. Later, when these unfortunates passed my wagon, instead of bandages there were patches of clay, and in some of the more jagged wounds made by potlegs and such missiles, which had been utilized instead of bullets, there were plugs of twisted grass. Recovery for these stout-hearted warriors was a foregone conclusion.

It was on this occasion that I had the singular fortune again to meet Peixoto. Like many other adventurers, he had taken service and in the course of time had become naturalized among the Zwasis. His account of the campaign in Sekukuni's country was particularly interesting in relation to the development of his own character. It seems he, with a troop of his Zwasi warriors, had been left behind for a day or two to patrol the mountains after the caves had been dynamited by the British. He affirmed, with savage glee, that when he came away from the place, by placing his ear to the ground he could still hear dogs barking and children crying down below in the sealed-up caves. He was glad, he said, he was

not a Christian; the Kaffir and Kaffir life were good enough for him.

However, I continued my journey, and one evening was comfortably outspanned on the high veldt when a large cape cart, drawn by four horses, came along and made preparations to camp alongside our wagons for the night. I happened to have two or three very tame chickens which were eating out of my hand and perching at times on my shoulders. Very soon an elderly man, one of a group which had arrived with the cape cart, caught sight of the chickens and came over to my wagon gayly clapping his hands. With chickens as a point of contact, a conversation ensued that was prolonged into the night and continued with unabated interest the following morning. I told the man a good deal about myself, my plans and my philosophy; and one thing leading to another, he happened to strike into the subject of Democracy and the United States. To me, at the time, it was absolutely a new world of thought. Before I met this man, had any one asked me to define a Republican, very probably I should have replied that he was a horrid sort of a demagogue or disturber of society like Charles Bradlaugh, who, on five minutes' notice, would, perhaps, have shipped Queen Victoria to Botany Bay.

As I call to mind our conversation, however,

this man had a number of serious criticisms to make of the tendencies of democratic government in the United States. Nevertheless, he drew, for my benefit, a brilliant picture of its principles and possibilities, and before his analysis was finished, my interest and enthusiasm in the matter were aroused to the highest pitch. Finally he gave me a good deal of inside history in regard to affairs, and consequently in regard to my own prospects, in Africa, for a number of years to come, and he strongly advised me to make the best of my way to the United States.

This man was the celebrated war correspondent known to Americans in particular, as well as to all the world, as "Bull Run Russell."

As soon, then, as I was able to dispose of what little stock and interests I owned in the country, I set out on the long trip to America.

IV

IMPRESSIONS OF NEW ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTIES

I

HAVING made up my mind to leave South Africa, it did not take me long to get under way. The situation at the time, political and otherwise, was not very promising. With outspoken sympathy for Boers and Kaffirs, my prospects were anything but bright. In most of the towns, British sentiment was very aggressive, and personal encounters between Uitlanders and Africanders were of daily occurrence. As a matter of fact, there was nearly as much danger in leaving the country as there was in remaining and facing the music. But having made up my mind, I selected the easiest route and that was by way of the Diamond Fields. On a former visit to these fields I had got a glimpse of their interesting activities, and I was anxious to widen the experience. So I made my plans to travel from Pretoria to Kimberley, and thence to the Cape.

Just before leaving Pretoria, however, I met a prospector by the name of James. He was one of those enthusiastic individuals who never take no

for an answer, or defeat for an end. He had been one of the first on the ground at the Pilgrims' Rest Gold Fields, and when speculation grew tame in that quarter, he turned his attention to Rustenburg and to the district now known as the Rand.

When I met James in Pretoria the future of the Rand, with commerce and railroads and Johannesburg and billions of gold in the mountains, was already clearly mapped out in his prophetic yet practical imagination. In fact, he had the samples of quartz in his saddle-bags at the time, and he was quietly trying to raise the funds wherewith to purchase a few farms in the district, upon which his faith in the Transvaal and his hopes for his own future were pinned. His enthusiasm was contagious. His was the inspiration derived from a certainty. I was sorely tempted to embark, in a small way, in his venture. Indeed, I actually put off my departure for a day or two, hesitating.

But James could not wait for me or anybody else. The gold fever was already in the air, the price of farms in the promising districts was on the jump, and altogether the situation was vastly different from the days at the end of the Burgers' administration, when a farm of six thousand acres was actually exchanged for two bottles of Hennessey's "three star" brandy.

But mental and political considerations were more potent than the glitter of gold dust or the dreams of riches. So, finally, I purchased a passage on the Kimberley coach and made my exit from the Transvaal.

The Diamond Fields at the time of my last visit was without doubt one of the most peculiar and interesting spots on the face of the earth. Their desolate, sun-baked surroundings, the diamond-crazed faces of the inhabitants, the absolute fury of the social and business conditions, and above all, that awful "pit" with its hive of toiling humanity in the bowels of the earth, are never-to-be-forgotten features of my African experience. If I were not positive, however, that these scenes and conditions made such a lasting impression on my mind as to influence, in some degree, the current of my human philosophy, I should now dismiss the Diamond Fields without further comment. But the impressions were lasting, and the pictures that remain in my mind are most interesting. In passing, then, let me take a final glance at the strange panorama.

Kimberley was not then the city of to-day. The pit itself was its principal and its unforgettable feature. Forever widening and deepening, it was constantly forcing the houses away and back from its edges. Everywhere on these edges, shanties and barrooms and brokers' offices were literally

hanging. Farther back there were streets, hotels by the dozen, and a wide market-place. Scattered in tents, wagons, and houses on the surrounding plain were thousands of white men, thousands of Kaffirs, and here and there a woman. Over the town itself, during the daytime, there was a dazzling glare from a sea of white iron roofs. The pit itself, as far down as the eye could penetrate, was a labyrinth of steel wires and flying buckets, forever hoisting, darting hither and thither, and emptying their precious loads of slimy blue clay. Everywhere on the enormous wings and ends of the pit, terraces rose above terraces, all of them lined with puffing engines, and swarming with human dots.

At the time of my last visit to these diamond fields the community was divided into two hostile camps, consisting of legitimate and illegitimate brokers. The former had offices and a license, the latter scorned expense and control of any kind, and had dealings directly, and on the quiet, with the Kaffirs in the pit. The Kaffir laborers were just then beginning to understand the opportunities connected with their employment, and scores of valuable stones were finding their way into the market and giving no end of trouble to the legitimate dealers. When a Kaffir was caught at the game he received an unmerciful thrashing from the vigilance committee, and occasionally was

strung up on a lamp-post, for there were no trees in the vicinity. But the thrashed Kaffir went home to his kraal and thought it all over; he inevitably returned with all sorts of ingenious devices for concealing the gems on his naked person, which he perforated with holes and tunnels, and in his stomach, which he manipulated in various ways at will. Finally, in course of time, the mine itself was surrounded by a high fence and a rigid system of examination was instituted by the authorities. Its principal features were emetics, tapping the bodies to locate the cavities, and hanging by the neck; but at the time I left the Fields this naked Kaffir thief was still the unsolved problem.

I took passage for Cape Town on the "Royal Mail" cart. It was then known as the "Diamond Express." The fare was double that charged on the ordinary diligence. The equipment was a small two-wheeled cart, four horses or mules, a Hottentot driver, the mail-bags, and a single passenger. The stages were about two hours, "on horseback," apart, and the pace was a breakneck gallop, night and day, four hundred miles, from Kimberley to Beaufort, — the latter was then the terminus of the railroad, — and hence to Cape Town.

In this way, then, without further adventure, I took my departure from South Africa.

II

In looking back I always find that the days spent in South Africa are among the most useful and personally interesting of my career. Just at the time when my intellectual and religious development was being subjected to tests, on the outcome of which to quite an extent the direction of my activities for the future was dependent, a sort of physical appeal to my manhood and to my human sympathies was experienced. It is quite clear to me now that a healthy and vigorous body and an adventurous spirit, such as I acquired in South Africa, were among the essential characteristics that later on enabled and encouraged me to go to work on wider problems than were to be found in the surroundings and routine of a switch-tower.

The voyage from Cape Town, South Africa, to Boston, Massachusetts, was uneventful; and there was not an incident connected with it, or a personage met on the way, that calls for attention.

I arrived in Boston in the month of May, 1881. So far as my acquaintance with a single inhabitant of the United States was concerned, I might just as well have dropped down from the moon. I was almost as ignorant of the geography of the country as was Columbus at the time he was trying to figure out the location of the continent in

the western hemisphere. My personal interest in the country dates from my conversation with "Bull Run" Russell; and backed by a roving disposition, and a mind that was just beginning to develop its world-interest, I came over to America to investigate. My people in different parts of the world had already given me up as an irreclaimable wanderer.

Following along the lines of my special interest, then, I began by spending some time wandering about the streets of the city of Boston, studying manners, conditions, and people. I had a little money in my pocket, and I was in no particular hurry to make myself known or to settle down at a fixed occupation. I visited churches, factories, stores, theatres, dance-halls, and the slums. To a certain extent, under different conditions, I had behaved in a similar manner in South America and Africa; but my points of view had been changing and, when I arrived in Boston I was no longer a boy, trying to protect myself from Society and social temptations, but a man of considerable experience, with a more or less definite purpose.

My personal appearance at the time was a little out of the ordinary. I wore a corduroy coat with a belt, very négligée shirts, and on my wrists were a number of copper rings or Kaffir bangles, popularly worn by white people of those days in many parts of South Africa. But, to my mind, I was by

no means as picturesque as the average Bostonian of the period. For one thing, the coat of the day was ridiculously short, and the significant feature of the male countenance was the popular "mutton-chop" patch on the cheeks, which hitherto I had always associated with the box-seat of a carriage.

Still more astonishing was the costume of the women: hideous "barber-pole" skirts, which gave an up-and-down appearance to the faces, were supplemented by greasy-looking curls or ringlets patched indiscriminately on the forehead and occasionally on the back of the neck. Added to this was the huge, yet in some way jaunty, projection or bustle that brought up the rear of this typical female ensemble of the early eighties.

Turning from people to conditions, however, the situation at the time appeared to be something of a paradox. Taking into account the manifest energy and resourcefulness of the people, it was difficult to account for the unsatisfactory social conditions that existed, it would seem, almost unobserved. Beggars were numerous, side streets were filthy, in some districts loafers and drunkards on the sidewalks seemed to constitute a majority of the people in sight, while on some of the streets the soliciting heads of women at windows could be noticed in rows, and counted by the dozen. This state of affairs elicited but little com-

ment in newspapers or otherwise, and I myself, like the community at large, looked upon it all as more or less inevitable.

But when I turned from this social and economic survey of the mental and personal activities of the average New Englander of those days, a remarkable state of affairs, in which I was intensely interested, was unfolded. Society at the time, from top to bottom, was absorbingly interested in personal culture and development of every description. In the year 1881, self-culture was the supreme topic in the public mind, much as is social and industrial betterment at the present day.

Notable among the teachers of this personal religion were Phillips Brooks, and William H. Baldwin, of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union. There were many others, but I was particularly impressed by the wide human sympathy that permeated the individualistic doctrines of these men. It was through Mr. Baldwin that I was able to come in contact with people who were actively engaged in spreading the propaganda of personal development and personal responsibility so congenial to me.

After a month or two spent in circumspection of this kind in and around the city of Boston, I began to think about securing some kind of employment. Very naturally I turned my attention to the telegraph business with which, already, I was

more or less conversant. After some preliminary breaking-in, I secured a temporary position at Hancock, New Hampshire, and then a permanent one as a telegraph operator in a railroad office at East Deerfield, Massachusetts.

Thus my personal venture on the sea of American social life and industry was made. Intellectually, my equipment at the time was very crude. Religiously, so far as affiliations were concerned, I was in a sort of personal dreamland, in which, I confess, I am still thankfully and joyously floundering. In the distance the problems of American life were beginning to take form on the horizon, and there was no mistaking the nature of the rudder with which I was preparing to navigate into the beckoning future.

Shakespeare has divided the itinerary of imaginary human pilgrims into a number of characteristic stages. He takes "the whining schoolboy," and conducts him through a series of adventures from stage to stage, until, finally, in old age, tottering in limbs and faculties, with "shrunk shank" and "childish treble," he ends his strange eventful history in mere oblivion.

But the thinking man on the upward climb, pausing at intervals and looking backward, has or should have a much more vital and interesting experience to chronicle than is contained in Shakespeare's theatrical conception. On the whole,

either in tendency or emphatically, the man has been one of two things — either his associations, and the inner impulse coming down from the inscrutable past, have been carrying him along and directing his movements this way or that, or, on the other hand, his will in great and small, consciously and persistently, has been hewing a personal trail through a forest of difficulties. With individual progress of the latter description my story has now to deal.

III

From the standpoint of conditions on railroads at the present day, the buildings and equipment at East Deerfield at the time of my first appearance on the scene were decidedly primitive. The principal structure was a long pier-like shed, erected on piles, on one end of which my headquarters, the telegraph office, was poised at an ever-shifting angle, according to the weather and the moisture, or lack of it, in the ground. In the rear of the office there was a long wooden building with facilities for the transfer of freight. Again, close at hand, there was an engine-house, a coal-elevator, a building used for the storage of flour, and an extensive freight yard. The buildings and facilities, however, were not much ahead of the methods that were employed in taking care of the property that was being hauled over the railroad.

Shortly after my arrival I noticed in one of the sheds several pieces of merchandise for which owners were wanted. The marks on these packages were very indistinct. Some one had been guessing at the consignees' names and addresses, and the stuff was at East Deerfield to be guessed at again, and forwarded accordingly. But in pursuit of articles of this description, as I found out later, there inevitably came along, sooner or later, what was known as a "tracer." Sometimes the tracer came ahead of the goods; sometimes the goods came ahead of the tracer. In any case, the two items were forever in pursuit of each other, and, besides, there was a specially employed railroad official, who did nothing but travel from place to place in a desperate endeavor to make the fugitives connect. In one instance a bale of cotton, indistinctly marked, made tours of the United States in this way, and on the second year of its pilgrimage the tracer that was hunting for it was as bulky as any history of the country for the same period.

But my life and surroundings at East Deerfield can be better illustrated by a glance at my companions and fellow workers. From these men I derived my first ideas of Americans as individuals, and of some of their characteristics. And more particularly my attention was directed to the type commonly spoken of as the Yankee. To me, at

the time, he was a puzzling personality. I was given to understand that he was world-famous as the man with a "knack." During the period of my initiation at East Deerfield, three of these typical New Englanders formed almost exclusively the circle of my social and business acquaintanceship.

The first man I will simply refer to as Henry. He was a big fellow in every way, except perhaps in the matter of brains. But in his case this was not much of a drawback. That which in most people would be looked upon as unforgivable "bluff," in him was simply an overflow of animal spirits. His conversation, containing neither rhyme nor reason, was always on the rampage. His natural ability was insignificant, but his failures were all turned into pleasantries which became the stepping-stones to continued enterprise in other directions. His happy-go-lucky disposition dispensed with formalities and made light of impediments, and as as result, in course of time, while I and others were at a standstill Henry bounded from one lucrative situation to another, until finally he settled down as mayor of a city in Connecticut. From this man I got my first idea of Yankee push and assurance.

The word "type" is frequently misunderstood and misapplied. Henry, for instance, was not a typical Yankee. He was a variation from the

type, and a very forcible embodiment of one or two Yankee characteristics.

My second companion at East Deerfield I will call Jake. I cannot say that his occupation at East Deerfield could be taken as an index to his character, but it is somewhat difficult to think of them apart. He had charge of the flour-house at the back of the freight yards. He was working for one of the wealthiest and best-known business combinations in the country.

One evening Jake received a telegram instructing him to send three shipments of flour of different quality or brand to three widely separated points in New England. He happened to be in a hurry that evening, so he asked me to help him in rolling the barrels from the house into the car. Jake began operations with the matter-of-fact statement, "I have n't got a single barrel of the brands that are called for, but just watch me make them." So he went to work and gave me a demonstration of how quality can be imparted to flour and stamped on a barrel in the form of a brand, in a very few minutes, with the aid of a scraper, a little paint, and a stencil.

Jake was a business variation from the original Yankee stem. Of course, the instance I have given is only an illustration of a practice that was followed in that flour-house year in and year out.

But the genuine, fully equipped, and right-

minded Yankee at East Deerfield was the station agent, Mr. F. A. Field. From the day of my arrival, without interruption, until I left the place, I was attached to him in a close social and business relationship. Under his friendly tutelage, I soon acquired a fairly comprehensive insight into social and industrial conditions in America. In age, Mr. Field was my senior by four or five years. So far as knowledge of human nature and human society was concerned, he was also far and away my superior. Furthermore, at the telegraph key, in directing the movement of trains and the activities of men, in fact, in all the important and intricate duties of a railroad yard-master, I have never since met his equal. For the rest, he was a widely informed man, shrewd, honest, tenacious of his opinions, and interested in the world to an absorbing degree. His general vitality can be understood from one of his favorite remarks, "I can never allow myself to grow old."

But to my mind, the outstanding feature of his character was his social and economic enthusiasm. Backed by columns of facts and figures, he studied the signs of the times, and applied his own sympathetic brand of social philosophy to their interpretation. He was particularly interested in my educational ideas and programme, and the benefit I derived from his companionship was inestimable.

In regard to the recognition of personal merit, and the preservation of individual initiative in human society, Mr. Field and I were of one mind, but I remember distinctly we took different sides on the subject of favoritism in the railroad service. I insisted that, as a rule, the energetic, capable man was selected, regardless of friendships, and so forth; he contended that the exceptions to the rule were intolerable. It was plain to us both that the manager was to blame; but, alas, the manager himself was sometimes appointed in the same way.

But Field's philosophical circumspection was not confined to the railroad service. He considered his country from one end to the other, with its boundless acreage and resources, and when he thought of the lamentable lack of food, clothing, and decent housing conditions among the masses, he refused to be comforted. So the remedy and the reform were forever the topics of his conversation. In course of time, one after another, the popular panaceas, such as the single tax, populism, and free silver, came up for discussion. In connection with them all, in their time, Mr. Field could plainly discern the signs of social salvation on the horizon. I, on the other hand, anticipated the awakening of the social conscience, and I believed in the gradual and natural evolution of the existing order of things.

At any rate, this was the school at East Deerfield in which my individualistic opinions first came in contact with the practical problems of life.

Mr. Field's home was on a farm, situated on the Connecticut River, near Montague, Massachusetts. Here, for a number of years, I was privileged to consider myself as one of the family. From the social and literary points of view, a more delightful environment could not be imagined. Our discussions, which to me were so vitally interesting, were frequently started in the office at East Deerfield, continued along the railroad tracks on the way home, and taken up again after supper, amid a circle of interested listeners.

IV

The story of my intellectual development in the school of discussion, with Frank Field as interpreter, of American life and conditions has overlapped my business experience in the telegraph office. Turning now to this side of my personal progress, my most vivid impression of American railroad life in those days was produced by man's inhumanity to man. Neither the social conscience of the community, nor the personal conscience of the employee, paid any attention to the sacrifice of life on the railroads that the nation was paying to the blind spirit of industrial progress. In the

business itself this lamentable state of affairs was basic, and its effect was far-reaching. For example, in some of the departments it was considered nothing less than a crime to be a beginner. The green brakeman and the green telegraph operator were the most conspicuous victims of this understanding. Only those who have run the gauntlet of this experience can have any idea of its bitterness. Without preliminary instructions of any kind, a man was assigned to a freight train; in three cases out of five the next thing for the railroad to do was to bury him. It was the link and pin, the overhead bridge, or the stealthy freight car on a flying switch, that closed the accounts.

I was in at the death in a hundred such cases, and, although blood was as red and hearts were as warm then as to-day, there seemed to be no power on earth, or incentive in the human mind, to move people to action in the matter. As with the mind of a child, I suppose, so with that of a nation; civilized ideas have a fixed order of development and decay. Social sympathy is the last born of social conceptions. In the early eighties evidence of social responsibility, in the slaughter on railroads, was confined to the sign on the crossing, "Look out for the engine!"

From the fact that my mind was neither obscured by traditions nor influenced by commer-

cialism, the situation on the railroads in those days was more incomprehensible to me than the deplorable social conditions in South America. In discussion with Mr. Field "the accident" was one of our standard topics, and every word I have written on the matter since owes its vitality to the vivid impressions I received in those first years at East Deerfield.

The railroad itself in those days, and particularly the train service, was looked upon by the public as a semi-disreputable business. New England parents, for example, never thought of mapping out a future for their boys in any department of railroad life. The consensus of opinion on the subject was by no means unreasonable, for the train and yard crews, especially, were recruited, generally speaking, from the floating army of misfits and breakdowns to be found at all times in every community. The average railroad telegrapher, that is, the veteran, was emphatically a suspect of this description.

But the recruiting of the telegraph service was conducted in a field by itself. Generally speaking, if a telegraph operator held on to his job for two or three months, he was considered unusually reliable. Consequently, with so much shifting and discharging of men on every railroad in the country, beginners were always in demand. Almost without exception, these beginners were

drawn from respectable homes in the country. In most instances, however, these boys and girls drifted to the railroad as students, against the wishes of parents. After a short period of training, they were placed in charge of offices at night. Their duties consisted in sending and receiving a variety of orders relating to the movements of trains, and in seeing to it that these orders were clearly understood by the trainmen.

Humanly speaking, these young boys and girls, some of them just out of school, had no more business in these telegraph offices than so many untutored savages. For the railroad business was not then the simplified system of to-day. It was complicated by the use of green, white, red, and blue signals, and by a score of rules and understandings, in the confusion of which the right of way on single track was frequently in doubt, and was sometimes figured out by conductors and others after considerable argument. In the midst of it all, the inexperienced operator sat in the telegraph office, frequently with a trembling heart, handing out train-orders, during the execution of which human lives were at all times hanging in the balance.

It was the green telegraph operator of those days, then, and I was one of them, who, witnessing the slaughter and understanding many of its causes, felt the inhumanity of the whole situation

in double degree, and the following was one of the most significant reasons.

In everyday conversation a polite request for the repetition of a word or a remark would occasion no comment whatever; but anything of the kind on the telegraph wires, in those days, in regard to figures or words misunderstood, was nearly always the signal for a "roast" from the man at the other end of the wire, in which the beginner was treated to a lurid description of his personal and professional shortcomings. Students, or "plugs," as they are called, frequently succumbed to this treatment and resigned their positions in dismay; and of those who weathered the storm, the majority became more afraid of the hectoring they anticipated than they were of making mistakes, and for this reason fatalities were continually being traced to the door of the nervously bewildered beginners. The unreasonable behavior of the experienced men was not a matter of design, or temperament: it was simply a habit that a nerve-racking state of affairs seemed to instill into everybody from the superintendent downward; and thus the beginners themselves, when they, in turn, had climbed to positions of responsibility, resorted, without fail, to the same practices.

Personally, I was just thick-skinned enough to worry through this breaking-in period without

serious results. But it was the first phase of the personal problem in the railroad service to which my attention was directed, and the inspiration for all my subsequent analysis of conditions on American railroads was derived from the vividness of these early impressions.

Just as soon, however, as I became fairly conversant with my duties at East Deerfield, I turned once more to the wider interests of education and personal development, to which I had renewed my allegiance on my arrival in Boston.

V

My sojourn at East Deerfield may be termed aptly the reading period of my life. Once in a while, indeed, I thought about writing down some of my observations, but I was always held in check by the lack of statistics and information outside my immediate surroundings, and above all I felt the pressing need of a more extensive vocabulary. I think it was in my second year at East Deerfield, that I turned to my English dictionary to appease this craving for words. My delight in the occupation can, I think, only be properly appreciated by the student who, in his youth, has wrestled enthusiastically with passages in Homer or Virgil, turning over the leaves of his dictionary, from left to right and from right to left, hundreds of times in an evening, until,

utterly exhausted, he has fallen asleep, as I have, with head at rest on the open volume.

For two or three years, while at East Deerfield, I carried a small English dictionary in my pocket. I never looked at it, however, except when on railroad journeys, and on long walks which I delighted to take into the surrounding country. In this way, I read the dictionary through word by word, from cover to cover, three or four times, not to mention the more important words, which received special attention and were re-investigated in larger dictionaries.

Later, however, it became clear to me that stowed away in my mind somewhere there had been, from my school-days onward, words in plenty, and ideas enough for my purposes. What I really lacked was practice, conversationally and with the pen, in the use of them. Not only was my vocabulary sufficient, but in thinking it over later I discovered and followed to its source the method by which I acquired this vocabulary.

In presenting an argument, stating a case, or pleading a cause, other things being equal, I always attributed my intellectual advantage to the fact that in my youth I had received a thorough drilling in Latin and Greek, while my companions as a rule, in my line of life, had not. As a simple practical equipment for life's journey, what may be called my classical foundation seems to me

now to be worth all the other features of my school education put together.

This reading stage of my life, together with the study of the dictionary for a definite purpose, derived most of its inspiration from the literary circle on the Field farm. My own intellectual enterprise at the time, however, was not to be a fitful dipping into literature: it soon took form as a simple scheme of education. That these kind friends on the Field farm should know more than I did about life and literature was to me an intolerable situation. Every indication of the kind, and I noticed these indications daily, was an additional spur to exertion. And thus, with every topic that was brought up for discussion, or alluded to in those long winter evenings, there came to me the ever-recurring question, "What do you know about this matter?"

How full of inspiration to me at the time were these literary gatherings! How eagerly we used to watch each other for the slightest indication of originality in treatment or matter! It is true, I was abnormally sensitive and enthusiastic at the time. It was always up to me, I thought, to know more than the other fellows; and my ambitions, as I have said, took a definite and practical form. In brief, then, what had I, comparatively a youth, fresh from the wilds of Africa, to say, in the company of these new-found American friends, about

religion, slavery, philosophy, history, and the march of the human race from the time of the cave-dwellers up to Emerson and Darwin? Here was a definite outline of desired knowledge.

When men were spoken of, what did I know about Plato and Mahomet, Alexander and Charlemagne, Cæsar and Alfred, Shaftesbury and Lincoln? How about the mighty roll of poets and thinkers — Shakespeare and Milton, Gibbon and Plutarch, Scott and Lecky, Darwin and Spencer, Carlyle and Ruskin, Burns and Tennyson? But, above all, what did I know about the great industrial and social problems of the day? All kinds — grand, ridiculous, and menacing — were on the horizon, and all sorts of startling schemes for social betterment were being hatched from day to day. Sooner or later they all came up, in some form or other, in the Field circle, for debate. What, then, did I know about socialism, the single tax, social democracy, and the labor movement?

One night in the office at East Deerfield, the necessity for a comprehensive course of reading to take in nearly all of these subjects, dawned upon me. I distinctly remember every detail of that night's work and thought. Being Saturday night and Sunday morning, there was little or nothing on the road. I wrote everything down — the topics, the authors, as many as I could call to

mind, and the ideas, so far as my knowledge extended at the time, and somewhat as it is all outlined above. I remember the first passenger train from the West, the "Albany," was just whistling into Greenfield when I finished my programme.

With me it is not now a case of recalling with an effort this incident or that experience; every step of my intellectual development at East Deerfield is as well remembered as the exciting details of an African hunting trip. This fact remains, then, that I went to work and covered, as thoroughly as I could, the literary ground outlined in the foregoing sketch of my ambitions.

During this period I also paid considerable attention to the works of Shakespeare. To begin with, my delight in his genius was of a religious nature. Although I still read my Bible occasionally, I no longer had the opportunity to attend church services, and in some way Shakespeare seemed to bring my religious instincts and faith into practical contact with people and modern life, to a degree that in my experience had never been reached by the Bible. One of my favorite topics at the time was the religion of Shakespeare as it illuminated human interests from the bottom to the top of the scale. There was no preaching in this religion: it consisted of vivid word-pictures and the impressions I derived from them. I used to call attention to a series of these religious

pictures in the ascending order of their importance, somewhat as follows.

I began with the glorification of physical form and expression. For example, I took a certain degree of religious pleasure in the struggle and methods of the brave swimmer beating the surges under him and riding upon their back, as described by Francisco in "The Tempest." Then again, that hymn of the horse in "Venus and Adonis," ending, —

> "Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack,
> Save a proud rider on so proud a back," —

seemed to give spiritual sanction to my devotion to animal life. From this lower plane the religion of Shakespeare ascended in terrace above terrace of ethical significance. Coriolanus and all-sacrificing mother-love, the victory of childish pleading over cruelty and brute force in the scene between Arthur and Hubert in "King John"; the "quality of mercy" passage in "The Merchant of Venice"; the flashlight interpretation of the human conscience, so vividly depicted as a knocking at the gate, in "Macbeth"; these scenes all came home to me as religious lessons applied to the hardpan of everyday human conditions.

And then again, unmistakable in its usefulness to me at the time, was the chapel scene in "Hamlet," with its graphic analysis of a soul laid bare on the pillory of repentance. Finally, in all the

grandeur of its social and religious interpretation, came the study of "The Tempest." To my mind, at the time, this play was more than a poet's dream of moral and social regeneration. It pointed to chaos as the inevitable outcome of all government without spiritual guidance and discipline of individuals. Calibans, Stephanos, and scheming political Antonios, are forever and everywhere at war with Prospero and his celestial agencies.

This study of Shakespeare was a three-cornered undertaking carried on between the book in my office, the theatres in Boston, and the Field farm.

During my stay at East Deerfield I worked, for the most part on the night-shift, for something like eight dollars a week. I saved a little money in those days. Once in a while a proposition was made in regard to an increase of salary, but I told the authorities not to bother about it and they did not. I had plans of my own, and seclusion on that night job with its opportunity for study and thought was absolutely essential. In course of time, however, the night job was abolished, and I was glad to fall heir to the day work at the same place.

But the old office at night had for me a strange fascination. I got into the habit of returning there in the evening for the purpose of reading and listening to the business on the wire. Frequently I remained at my desk until one or two o'clock in

the morning. The train-dispatcher soon became accustomed to my presence, and sometimes asked questions about trains. One night he gave an emergency signal and asked me to rush down the yard with my red light. I succeeded in stopping the train, but, returning through the yard in a hurry, I fell into an open culvert, and did not wake up until daylight. When the superintendent heard of it he said he would not forget it, and he kept his word.

But it was just about this time that what is called telegrapher's cramp attacked my right hand, and it then took me several months of constant application to bring my left hand into service and working order. Moreover, after my fall into the culvert, my health began to show signs of long-continued physical and mental strain, so I determined to take a vacation.

I went to Boston and secured an outfit of pillow-sham holders and started out, on foot, to stock the State of New Hampshire with my merchandise. The venture was a great success so far as my health was concerned.

In about three months I returned, and met the superintendent of the Fitchburg Railroad on the station platform at Fitchburg. I told him I was ready to return to work. He replied, "All right, and you may jump on the first pay car that comes your way: there is something coming to you." I

did so, and drew in a lump sum full pay for every day of my three months' absence.

This superintendent was one of those unforgettable men of the old school, who "never made a mistake." One night, while listening to the wire at East Deerfield, I heard him call attention to this fact in unmistakable language. In giving an order to an engine to "run wild," a train-dispatcher had forgotten to warn the engineman to "look out for a snow-plough ahead"; consequently there was a smash-up. The dispatcher told his chief about it on the wire and added, "We are all liable to mistakes." The superintendent, a dispatcher himself for twenty years, got hold of the key and told the man what he thought of such philosophy in the railroad business. He concluded the dialogue in this way: "I never made a mistake in my life and never intend to. Come to Boston in the morning."

This was the man, Mr. E. A. Smith, from whom I derived all my ideas of duty and efficiency in the railroad service. He retired from active duties a few months ago. Forty-five years or so without a mistake is a pretty good railroad record.

But before leaving East Deerfield, I wish to mention another railroad man to whom, probably without his knowledge, I was very much indebted. He was the civil engineer who was double-tracking the Fitchburg Railroad at the

time between Fitchburg and Greenfield. He is still among us somewhere. The first time I saw him he was standing on an abutment of a washed-away bridge over the Millers River, near Erving, I think it was. It was somewhere round midnight. He was watching the effect of the rushing waters on the temporary trestle that had just been constructed. The energy and limitless resource of this man while building the old Fitchburg Railroad made a tremendous impression upon me.

Between Erving and Millers Falls, on what is now the Boston and Maine Railroad, on the right side going west, at or near the place where several turns in the river-bed were cut out, there stands in a vacant space a huge shaft of earth which is pointed out to you by railroad men as "Turner's Monument." His real monument, however, was the men he left behind him to continue his personal work and policy in nearly every department of the service. They are, to-day, everywhere distinguished among their fellows.

In course of time this railroad engineer became superintendent of the division. His headquarters were in Fitchburg. He was a stalwart individualist — so it seemed to me, at any rate. He believed in personal contact. His own private room in a Fitchburg hotel was the sanctum into which the men whom he sometimes selected, or intended to promote, were invited, usually on a Sunday

morning. My turn came for an invitation of this nature. In brief, an interlocking tower had been installed at West Cambridge; for such and such reasons, he requested me to take one of the shifts.

Without any hesitation I accepted the appointment for two or three very good reasons. In the first place, it was to be a change from a twelve- to an eight-hour situation; secondly, it would bring me near Boston, the libraries, the lecture platforms, and the churches; and thirdly, by reason of these shorter hours and the change of location, I expected to be able to devote more time and study to the great social and industrial problems of the day, to which, at this time, I was beginning to direct my attention.

V

MEN AND CONDITIONS ON THE RAILROADS

I

In the autumn of the year 1886, I left East Deerfield and entered upon my new duties in the switch tower at West Cambridge, Massachusetts. From a position paying forty dollars a month, with a minimum working-day of twelve hours, I passed into employment that paid a wage of thirteen dollars a week, with a minimum daily service of eight hours. I went to work at two o'clock in the early morning and, as a rule, I finished my labors for the day when the clock struck ten in the forenoon. The middle man followed from ten A.M. until six P.M., and the third man then finished the round of the twenty-four hours. It did not seem to occur to the superintendent in those days, or to the towermen themselves, for that matter, that this division of the working-day was an unreasonable and unbusinesslike arrangement. It was certainly a hardship for the men at West Cambridge who lived at some distance from the tower. But then we were working for a railroad on which duty was limitless and regulated only by the require-

ments of the service and the judgment of the superintendent. For several years, under this arrangement, I walked to my work, a distance of nearly two miles, between one and two o'clock in the morning.

This working arrangement at West Cambridge may be taken as a fair illustration of the kind of intelligence, or whatever it may be called, that was engaged in the railroad business in those days. I cannot look upon the situation as much of a reflection on the good will or executive ability of managers. The smallest business concern, as well as the largest, appeared to be on the same industrial and moral level in this respect. Nor can the silence or indifference of the worker at the time be judged from the standpoint of to-day, when rights and wrongs of every description are subject to constant and fearless discussion.

Nevertheless, it was certainly an injustice, as I have noted, to request a man to walk to his work at two o'clock in the morning without some stated and clearly understood reason. The superintendent was supposed to have this reason, and there the matter ended. Later, when the intelligence of men, managers, and society broadened, a fairer division of the working-day was put into effect.

As a matter of fact, however, the specific instance of inconvenience to which I have referred

was only a drop in the bucket compared with the general situation of which it was a part. For various reasons, these hardships were particularly aggravated on railroads, although the employés had actually to be educated to an appreciation of this fact. For example, my shift of eight hours was liable at any time to be extended to sixteen or twenty-four without a cent of extra remuneration. In such cases I simply said to myself, "That's just my luck," and I was only one among thousands of employés who took matters philosophically in this way.

Quite recently, discussing this matter with Mr. E. A. Smith, who was a train dispatcher and assistant superintendent on the Fitchburg Railroad for many years before I entered the service, he remarked: "Why, there is Miss Carter, the present telegraph operator at Athol: she has filled that position faithfully and without mistake of any description for something like forty-five years. I am well within the mark when I say that hundreds of times during that long period of service, she went to work in that office at six o'clock on Sunday mornings and, relief operators failing to appear, she kept it up until midnight on Mondays without a word of protest. During this long period she handled not only important train orders and other railroad business, but also all the message work of the Western Union Telegraph

Company. This position was worth forty dollars a month to Miss Carter. There were no extras or perquisites connected with her work, but if she happened to be sick for a day the pay for that day was deducted from her salary at the end of the month. From the business of the Western Union Telegraph Company alone the railroad probably benefited to many times the amount of the salaries paid to the operators. Overtime, in those days, was never given a thought. It had simply not been invented, for the same psychological and commercial reasons, I suppose, that the safety bicycle had not then superseded the awkward and dangerous fly wheel."

Of course, a situation of this kind could not continue indefinitely in any form of progressive society. Superintendents and others, who were called upon to mingle with the employés and discuss these conditions, gradually awoke to the injustice of the situation, and in many directions, under pressure, I confess, were the first to initiate reforms.

I call to mind the first payment for overtime I ever received. I was the most surprised individual on the Fitchburg Railroad. The company was installing a switch tower at Waltham, and I was requested, after my day's work at West Cambridge was over, to go to that place and break in two or three green men so that they might be ready for

their duties on the completion of the new plant. The following week, when I counted my money at the little window in the pay car, I was simply dumfounded. I did not exactly feel like walking off with something that did not rightfully belong to me, so I raised the half-guilty look, with which I was surveying the wealth in my hand, to the countenance of the paymaster. Both he and his assistant were highly amused at my dilemma. Then one of them good-naturedly said to me, "Move on, Fagan, that's all right." But the affair did not end there. Some one of the higher officials, I understand, caught sight of the item on the pay-roll, and called for an explanation. I have good reason for thinking that the matter was finally settled by the superintendent making good the amount out of his own pocket.

But while the industrial lot of telegraph and tower men in those days was particularly distressing, judging it from present standards of justice, the situation in the train service was very much worse. I recall a typical case at East Deerfield. One day, in mid-winter, Conductor Parks walked into my office. His daily routine was to run a freight train from East Deerfield to Ashburnham Junction and return. This was, barring accidents, a reasonable day's work; under ordinary circumstances he could make the trip in something like ten hours. On the occasion I now refer to, Con-

ductor Parks and his train had been snow-bound and otherwise tied up at various places on the road for forty-eight hours. I told him I thought it was "pretty hard lines." His reply was something like this: "Oh, that's nothing. Look at poor old Hobbs! They took his engine away from him yesterday to help a passenger train up Royalston grade. He is still side-tracked at that point waiting for the return of his engine."

II

Before describing my actual duties in the switch tower at West Cambridge and the features connected with these duties that developed and guided my progress in other directions, I am going to touch briefly on the accident situation in those early days, for the reason that the problem itself had much to do, not only with my own personal career, but with industrial improvement among railroad men in general. So far as responsibility for accident was concerned, the manager, the employé, and the public were all in the same box. There was probably quite as much social conscience concerned in the matter then as now, but it was unorganized and leaderless. There was absolutely no publicity, at the time, in regard to the details of railroad life, either in Massachusetts or elsewhere. In the fierce hurry of the times the public mind was absorbed in the contemplation of

statistics relating to railroad mileage and the expansion of trade. Nevertheless, it was a very serious state of affairs from any point of view, and during the time of my service at East Deerfield if the church bells had been rung every time a human being was killed or injured on American railroads, it seems to me they would have been kept tolling almost incessantly. In my own narrow circle of acquaintances, eighteen conductors were killed or injured in one year, and on an average, one engineman, one fireman, two conductors, and six brakemen every month in the year. A trainman, in those days, with eight fingers and two thumbs was a rarity.

By common consent at the time, sympathy and interest of every description in this accident situation seemed to be focused on what was known as the "paper." This was a popular collection for the benefit of unfortunates. During my experience on the railroad at East Deerfield, there was hardly a week in which one of these papers was not in circulation in the neighborhood. The pay-car was the headquarters for many of these appeals, and the superintendent himself frequently headed the list of subscribers. Mr. E. K. Turner, who, as engineer and some of the time as superintendent, was double-tracking the road at the time, was a strict disciplinarian, and men were frequently discharged by him simply "for cause,"

on five minutes' notice. But this stern feature of his administration was buried in universal respect for the official who never missed an opportunity to put down his name on these circulars for a "five."

It must not be imagined, however, that this distressing accident situation was the result of widespread carelessness on the part of the employés. Both rules and equipment at the time were actually unknown quantities. Everything was in the experimental stage, and every change for the better was nearly always the result or the price of some bitter experience. With the same consecration to duty to-day as then, the modern accident problem would lose its significance. Indeed, as a matter of fact, carelessness in those days was frequently more of a reflection on management, or rather on the science of railroading at the time, than on the conduct of employés. An illustration of this point will not be out of place.

One night at East Deerfield I received orders from the train dispatcher to get out an extra engine to help train number ninety-four. This engine, with the figures "94" displayed on its headlight, immediately took up a position in the yard awaiting the arrival of that train. Meanwhile another train, number ninety-three, moving in the opposite direction, on single track, had re-

ceived orders to meet number ninety-four at East Deerfield. In a few minutes number ninety-three came along, and, catching sight of the figures ninety-four on the headlight of the helping engine, the engineer mistook this helper for the regular train he was to meet and kept on his way. One of the most disastrous freight wrecks in the history of the road was the result. Nowadays helping engines never display numbers until they are actually hitched to a train. Such, at any rate, is the history of a rule, and its reflection on the foresight or education of management.

It seems to me there was less real carelessness on the railroads in those days than at any time since. It is true the material was crude and inexperienced, and men were turned loose on their jobs without any examination, physical or otherwise, in regard to qualifications. All over the country these men, by the score, were being trapped and killed by the overhead bridge, the "link-and-pin" device, and the open frog. Then, after years of bitter experience, came the automatic coupler, the bridge guard, and the blocked frog. Meanwhile, out of the débris of this distressing situation, a new and more intelligent class of railroad men was emerging. It is with the history of this new class, then beginning to organize, among whom my own lot was cast, that I am now concerned. Under inconceivable dif-

ficulties they served the public and their employers faithfully and well. To these men belongs most of the credit for pointing out the defects in the service, and thus paving the way for reforms which soon put the railroad business in America, for a time at least, on a sane and safe basis. To accomplish their ends these men, this better class of newcomers, determined to organize.

During my term of service at East Deerfield, this great labor movement for the bettering of working and financial conditions, or at least its undercurrent, was in full swing. Of course it was not a local issue, but an enterprise of national significance. Already in the Western States, under the leadership of the Knights of Labor, it had repeatedly manifested itself in riotous demonstrations. But in New England, though the general aims were similar, the human material engaged in the struggle was different.

As it came under my observation at East Deerfield, the movement was a reasonable revolt against the intolerable state of affairs which I have described, and it was being engineered by men of my acquaintance who were far from being unlawfully inclined. The idea of organization for the common good was taking firm hold of their common sense and intelligence, and it spread rapidly among enginemen, firemen, conductors, brakemen, and switchmen. These men,

at that time, wanted reasonable pay, fair treatment, safety in operation and, at the same time, in a marked degree, they desired the respect and good will of the managers and the public. This situation was slowly evolving under my eyes at East Deerfield. From day to day for several years it continued to work out, very unobtrusively, it is true, until finally it came to the surface. In the round-house, in the caboose, in the telegraph office, wherever two or three men came together, there was a never-ending discussion of the vital issues of conditions and wages. At the same time there was no end of talk and exchange of opinions going on about rules, mechanical and personal safeguards, and the general improvement of the service. In these discussions, loyalty to the old Fitchburg Railroad was an ever-present and distinguishing feature. This was actually the atmosphere in which I worked at East Deerfield. To interest the public and the management in these betterment schemes, *without losing their jobs*, was, to begin with, the burden of the railroad labor movement in New England, according to my diagnosis. But management in New England, taking its cue from the demonstrations that were accompanying the movement in some of the western States, was antagonistic to the men, while public opinion, as is usual when a political complication in the distance is fore-

shadowed, was on the fence awaiting developments.

To-day, however, thinking the matter over carefully at a time when the strike is quite as conspicuously the weapon of the well-to-do and splendidly conditioned railroad man as of underpaid and otherwise less fortunate workers in other industries, I naturally ask myself what has become of that well-disposed body of men, and of that splendid movement whose beginnings appeared to me, at East Deerfield, to be so full of industrial and social inspiration. It must be remembered that society and management in those days threw these workers back upon their own resources, and to them, that is, to the employés, almost exclusively belongs the credit for a series of reforms and material betterments on railroads that is probably unexampled in industrial history. If, then, along these same lines of advance, workers all over the country are now taking advantage of impregnable economic positions, and are openly converting exaggerated private rights into pronounced public wrongs, the history of the beginnings of this movement, as it came under my observation on the railroads, and as I am now trying to describe it, cannot fail to be interesting.

During the early eighties, the new era on railroads and elsewhere, with brotherhood and hu-

manity at the helm, was coming on apace. From my individualistic point of view, these ideas of humanity and brotherhood were being translated by the social conscience of America into terms almost exclusively of economic value and significance. That there was and is social and industrial danger in this one-sided attitude goes without saying.

III

It is impossible for me at this time to follow in detail the progress of the labor movement on the railroads, as it came under my observation. But the following account of my service in the signal tower at West Cambridge will, I think, serve to illustrate and illuminate many of its interesting features. The principal points to be noticed will be the individualistic character of a part of my surroundings, and the careful, conscientious, and socially successful career of employés who were permitted to labor in that kind of an atmosphere.

In the switch tower at West Cambridge between midnight and six o'clock in the morning, there is usually plenty of time for reading, writing, or study. Side work of this kind, of course, is not definitely sanctioned by the management. In fact, any practice that interferes, or is likely to interfere with the towerman's duties, is an infringement of the general rules of the company. For thirty

years I have lived up to the spirit of these rules without paying much attention to the letter. To compel a man on a night job of this kind simply to pose in a waiting attitude, perhaps for an hour at a time, would be profitless discipline.

In a general way the towerman's duties may briefly be described under a few definite and interesting heads. In the first place, a thorough understanding of the book of rules and the current time-tables is absolutely essential. This knowledge must be supplemented by unfaltering attention to the clicking of the telegraph wires, and to the ringing of the various track bells. In reality, these sounds, relating to the movement of trains, are heard, or rather felt, without any effort in the way of listening, while the towerman is throwing a combination on his machine, or explaining a situation to a trainman. In the same way an expert telegraph operator, without any effort, can read a message on his sounder, manipulate his key, and answer the inquiries of patrons at the office window.

In my own case this dissociation of routine work from literary or other enterprises in which my mind was at the time engaged, is a phase of my educational experience in which I have always been profoundly interested. One day, quite accidentally, it occurred to me that this lever-throwing was, in some curious way, a great

intellectual stimulant. Its immediate effect was to bring my subconscious knowledge or ingenuity to the surface. I pursued this inspirational method for years, and, after a while, every attempt of the kind was like an excursion into dreamland. When at a loss for a word or an illustration of any kind, the answer was usually forthcoming after an exciting round or two at the levers. The greater the stress of business, and the louder the rattle of the trains, or the ringing of the bells, which a sort of unconscious half of me was attending to with scrupulous fidelity, the keener became the intellectual activity of my other half, which, at the same time, was busy with other interests. It was simply a sort of singing at my work, and when anything happened to disturb the harmonious progress of the two parallel operations the charm, of course, was broken. Immaterial conversation or noises, however, were unheeded. One day during or after a scene of this kind, one of the boys exploded a cannon cracker under my chair. I suppose I heard it, but that was all.

But coming back to the everyday situation, and apart from this mental acuteness which, in the exercise of his responsible duties, the average towerman acquires, an absolutely faultless manipulation of the levers of the interlocking machine is called for in conjunction with the exercise of

sound judgment in all matters that relate to the movement of the trains.

There are sixty levers in the switch tower at West Cambridge. Every lever is numbered. A series of these numbers, or the levers they represent, thrown in a given rotation, constitutes a route. Every route that is set up in this way for the passage of a train is isolated, as it were, and protected from trains passing or crossing on other routes. The mechanical intelligence that dominates the situation in the tower, and unites every train and every employé within the tower zone in a bond of safety, is located behind the machine in a bed of long steel rods and cross-bolts, called the "locking." In preparing the routes, and in giving signals for the movements of trains, what may be called the conscience of the machine is frequently brought into play. When the operator takes hold of and attempts to pull a lever wrongfully, to which act, in some form, danger is attached, he invariably finds the forbidden movement absolutely locked against his effort. He has been actually detected in an attempt to make a mistake, and the effect on the towerman's conscience at the time is more acute than a reprimand from his superintendent. The nervous strain on a beginner in one of these switch towers is considerable, but once he has become thoroughly broken in and conversant with the mechanical

part of his duties, his confidence in the machine becomes unlimited, and he is able to concentrate his mind, almost exclusively, on the disposition of his trains and on other matters, according to the nature and strength of his faculties.

But while the above is a fair description of the situation in a switch tower at the present day, it by no means covered the field of work at West Cambridge at the time I entered the service. The most disagreeable part of the work in those days was outdoors. We were called upon, just when we could and how we could, to clean, oil, and adjust the switches. For this purpose we were supplied with a kit of tools. The lamp or signal department was also in our charge. There were something like fifty signal lamps to be cleaned, filled, and placed in position on high poles and low standards. In this way a track circuit of two or three miles had to be covered twice a day. To accomplish this work we took flying trips from the tower, between trains, as opportunity offered.

IV

From these signal-tower duties in which for twenty-five years I was almost continuously engaged, I turn now to the little community of workers at West Cambridge. I divide these workers into two groups. First, the train and enginemen, who were not fixtures, as it were, at West

Cambridge, but on train trips and otherwise were frequent visitors at the tower, and at all times associated with its activities. As I remember these train employés, and have elsewhere described them, they had been, in their early railroad experience, individualists both by instinct and inclination; but just about the time I arrived at West Cambridge their condition, financial and otherwise, was improving with almost incredible swiftness. Their organizations were becoming political factors, and political society was beginning to prick up its ears and get busy about them. To illustrate the situation in the case of this first group of railroad men and its treatment by society in those days of dawning prosperity, I will take the case of Conductor Breakers.

This interesting railroad man was conductor of a train crew that did most of the switching in the railroad territory around Cambridge in the early days of my service at that point. He was a man of the old school, who had been in the fight for better conditions on railroads from the beginning. One day Mr. Breakers said to me, "When I entered the railroad service, thirty years ago, I moved from Charlestown to Cambridge with all my worldly possessions on a wheelbarrow." With the passage of time, and as the position of this man, financially and otherwise, improved, a very curious state of affairs in regard to his duties began to develop.

The situation simply arose from the application of current business morality to the affairs of a railroad. Just as soon as business and political interests began to move in behalf of the railroad employé, and to take notice of his rising importance, his industrial integrity was endangered. For example, it made little difference to the Fitchburg Railroad Company whether factory "A" or factory "B" received the first visit from the switch engine in the morning, but as soon as the proprietors or foremen of a dozen factories began to bribe the conductor in order to secure priority of service *and other favors*, a quiet system of graft was introduced that finally developed into a most astonishing state of affairs. For a time the conductor in question avoided and tried to dodge the temptation; but the pressure was too great, and he ended by working the situation for all it was worth, and in his hands it proved to be worth a good deal. Before long, from one of the largest plants in the neighborhood he was in receipt of a regular salary. From other firms, at intervals, he received donations of pocket-money, hams, milk, wood, coal, and ice, according to his requirements, and if he needed anything in the way of hardware or pottery, all he had to do was to visit the factories and help himself. After a while, in collecting these assessments, in which the whole train crew sometimes shared, the conductor enlisted the

services of one of his brakemen — this man had nearly as many side lines as the conductor. His job on the railroad, however, did not prevent him from being, at the same time, a call member of the Cambridge Fire Department.

But opportunity and encouragement for enterprises of this kind could not be confined to the limits of a freight yard or a single city. The conductor soon entered the political arena. Every once in a while he took a trip to Washington in the interests of a post-master, a congressman, or a senator. Then the management of the Fitchburg Railroad itself got mixed in the muddle. Just how no man could tell, for Breakers went around with his finger on his lips saying "Hush" to everybody. His little trips to Washington and elsewhere did not interfere in any way with the pay that was coming to him every week, as conductor of the switcher. This was certainly a very strange state of affairs. But the most demoralizing effect of political and other interference in the railroad business has yet to be mentioned.

One afternoon, the switch engine with a few cars, in charge of this conductor, taking a flying trip into the city, hit the rear of an express passenger train ahead, wihch had slowed up a little at Somerville. It was on the programme to discharge the entire crew, but Conductor Breakers pulled too many strings. Until the men were

quietly returned to their jobs, the office of the superintendent was besieged with delegation committees and professional people representing, it was calculated, fully a third of the voting population of Charlestown. I was able to keep track of these events pretty closely from the fact that during this period I was acting as clerk to the superintendent of the road, and as such I had charge of the pay-rolls and had every opportunity to take note of the proceedings. But I never met a man who could say that he was able to fathom the mystery of Conductor Breakers and his manœuvres. His lack of education was a bar to his personal preferment. His specialty was getting jobs for other people, or making them believe he was busy in their interests. This, it seems, was sufficient, in railroad and political circles, at any rate, to keep nearly everybody in tow.

This situation, of course, is bygone history, but it gives one a good idea how questionable practices began on railroads. It also illustrates the share which society itself had in the encouragement of practices which are now being so strenuously condemned.

V

The second group of railroad men at West Cambridge was altogether of a different class or variety. Surely there must have been something

industrially healthy and significant in the situation when we come to consider that, regardless of conditions and wages at this point on the railroad, a dozen workers held together year in and year out, and can now show records ranging from twenty to forty years of unbroken and satisfactory service. A questionable situation, I suppose, to some progressive people who recognize no condition as sound that is not forever on the jump toward something different and prospectively better. Such people have little appreciation for conditions or individuals in this world that wisely slow up or stand still for inspirational purposes. But apart from all comment on the situation, the facts themselves at West Cambridge are decidedly interesting.

All told, there were seven trackmen, two gatemen, and three towermen in this little group. The towermen received about thirteen dollars a week, the others about eight dollars. There were seven days in the working-week, but remuneration for work on Sunday in those days was definitely forbidden by orders from headquarters. To find the amount that was due for work of a single day, however, the weekly wage was invariably divided by seven.

While the working conditions of the towerman, then, considering the importance of his duties, were not altogether satisfactory, those of the

trackmen, of course, were very much worse. And yet the results under these conditions, both to society and to the railroad, were certainly remarkable. The record of each individual in this group of workers was about the same as my own, and so I am speaking for the group when I say that personally, in thirty years' service, I never received a letter, or was asked a single question that could be construed into a reflection on conduct or work. Industrially, under conditions which, in part, I have described, the records of these men were all right; socially they were still better.

Of the original group, with possibly one exception, each individual owns, or did own, his little home. One of these men, a trackman, actually built the frame of his dwelling-house himself. The families of these workers ranged from three to ten children to the household; most of these children are now grown up and can hold their own with any, it matters not who they may be, in the community. These children grew up under my eyes. They were well fed, well clothed, well housed, well educated, and perfectly healthy. It is not too much to say that the best results were derived from the lowest wage and the keenest struggle. Leaving the towermen out of the calculation, the results I have mentioned were obtained on a weekly income, per individual, of less than eight dollars.

Once upon a time one of these men had a case in court. He owned a tenement house in Somerville, and his case had something to do with the collection of his rents. Referring to his low wages and his real estate holdings, the Judge put this question to him,— "How do you do it?" The man answered,— "Your Honor, that's my secret."

In industrial circles, as elsewhere, secrets of this kind have usually a good deal to do with the character and disposition of the "boss." The section foreman at West Cambridge was and is, in many ways, a remarkable man. As I look at it, the force of his unassuming yet strong personality kept a gang of men together for something like a quarter of a century. He is the greatest living compliment to the principles of industrial honesty that I ever met. He is strict in a way, yet he never scolds. He is a tall, rugged man of the Lincoln type, just as much at home among his men digging out the switches in the teeth of a blizzard of snow as he is in the company of notables at a Masonic gathering. Among his fellows on the railroad, to mention Delvy is to praise him.

Because it will conduct me along the lines of my own progress at West Cambridge, and at the same time throw a little light on the "secrets" of these rugged personalities in railroad life, I shall

try to draw pen portraits of some of Delvy's men.

To begin with, there is Mat. He is now second hand on the job; a very quiet fellow, somewhat undersized, big-hearted, and a bachelor. From childhood he has lived with his widowed mother. Report has it he remains single for her sake. Mat is a born optimist. He looks at everything through honest eyes. In a variety of little and big ways, at work and in the community, he is the conscience of the gang.

John, on the other hand, is large of frame as Mat is slight. He is a ruddy-faced man, squarely built, and his voice has a deep musical ring. He works like a clock, methodically and religiously. John is a king of tampers. He sets the pace, directs the energy, and supplies the good nature. There is music in tamping ties, and John was a splendid conductor. One day a rail in the bending, held high in the air, slipped in some way, and came down with fearful crash on John's thigh. It was a long lay-off in the hospital and at home, but finally he limped back to his work. He said the railroad had been good to him. All bills had been paid and quite a little something was left over in his pocket.

The third man, Lucy, is the Nestor of the gang. Up to the last he was a splendid worker. Some time ago his age became known to the authori-

ties, and, besides, infirmities developed and then Delvy himself could n't save him. For quite a while after his removal he frequently turned out with the boys in the morning and followed them to their work. Seating himself by the side of the track he smoked the hours away, watching the proceedings achingly. No Rachel ever wept for her children as this man lamented the loss of his job. He is now finishing off his very useful career as gateman on a crossing.

Sampson is a strong and healthy-looking French-Canadian. He is unusually vigorous and active for a laboring-man over sixty. His specialty is chopping. He is the woodsman of the gang. His axe is quite a feature on the section. He peels ties, keeps the brush down, and fells trees when necessary. As it seemed to me at times, watching and listening, he always made the morning hours feel glorious with the ring and crack of his hatchet.

The next man, Harkins, is the millionaire of the group. The habit of saving pennies and turning them over and over again in a variety of little ways, in the house, in the garden, and in general domestic economy, brought about astonishing results in the end. He is the reputed owner of a block of houses in Somerville, and is soon going back to the old country to buy an estate.

Finally, there is Dan. His arrival at West

Cambridge preceded my own by a year or two. At all times he seemed to have his work on his mind, and at night, in stormy weather, he frequently came down to the tower of his own accord, just to assure himself that everything was in good working order. To begin with, he was a section hand pure and simple. His duty was, in part, to walk over and inspect a section of track the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. He and his family had the West Cambridge "secret," in a marked degree. It consisted of all sorts of little economies, even to the extent of picking up waste lumber, splitting ties for fuel and working at all sorts of odd jobs in the neighborhood at the break of dawn, and sometimes far into the night. In all kinds of work the children lent a hand. Then there were hens and a little gardening as side lines, and besides, when it came to a pinch, if I am not mistaken, the boys could cobble their own shoes, and the only daughter in the family could make her own dresses. It is easy to understand what a quantity of character was wrapped up in a situation of this kind. In the process of improving working conditions by organization and otherwise, is it possible to retain the sterling characteristics for which Dan and his type were distinguished? Will education and industrial enlightenment take care of the issue? The world to-day is asking this question.

In course of time Dan's duties on the railroad became more responsible, but there was no change for the better in his income. When, thanks to the efforts of their brotherhood, the towermen were relieved of all outdoor duties at West Cambridge, Dan fell heir to the adjusting tools, the lamps, and the oil cans. In this way, quite frequently nowadays, the man lower down feels the pinch of a "raise" or a lift higher up. But Dan and his fellows kept right along ploddingly. His natural ability and ingenuity along mechanical lines were remarkable. His educational opportunities, however, had been few. In fact, in some directions, he was decidedly superstitious. Somehow I always looked upon this characteristic as one of his virtues. In actual contact with life his superstition was of as much practical value as libraries of book learning are to some other people. This is philosophy in accordance with the facts. In dealing with his fellow men Dan was as honest as the hills are solid. His superstition had something to do with his behavior. In the course of years of track-walking, it is no exaggeration to say that Dan picked up, in the aggregate, two or three hundred dollars in the form of cash and jewelry. As it seemed to me, he was always unaccountably restless until the property was safely returned to the owners.

Dan's philosophy of honesty was unique as

well as refreshing. One day he explained its fundamentals to me somewhat as follows: In the old country, when he was a boy, as a fee for carrying a trunk, a gentleman in a hurry thrust a coin into his hand. When Dan got home he found a sovereign in his pocket. As Dan looked at it, the man, in the dusk of the evening, had made a mistake. By rights the coin should have been a shilling. For several days the gold piece actually burned in his pocket. But what could he do? And, besides, he was sadly in need of a new pair of shoes. After a week of mental distress he finally purchased a pair. As he was leaving the store, he stumbled over a black cat. This put the finishing touch to his mental agitation. But he could not work in his bare feet, so the boots had to be worn. As Dan tells the story, the first day he wore them the boots were fairly comfortable; the second day they pinched a little; on the third, they were positively painful; and then, after spending the fourth day in agony, he placed the cursed things in a bag with a rock for a weight and threw them into the lake. From that day Dan's ideas of the sacred rights of property were unshakable.

But Dan was one of nature's humorists, as well as a preceptor of morals. For years, just before going to work in the morning, he was in the habit of paying a flying visit to the tower to

snatch a glance at the newspapers. Dan had a habit of reading the headlines out loud, with a comment or two slipped in between. He invariably began with the weather report, the heading of which, as Dan read it out loud, was always as follows: "For Boston and vacancy."

Dan was also the regulator of the tower clock, and once in a while came in to adjust what he called its "penundulum." Furthermore, he had some knowledge of herbs and wild flowers and possessed, among other medicinal secrets, an infallible remedy for "information of the bladder."

VI

But apart from questions relating to character and its conservation, which naturally come to the front from my description of the rugged and ready material engaged in the railroad business at East Deerfield and West Cambridge, there is another feature of the situation that is also of universal importance; I refer to the conservation of authority.

At a time when the attitude of powerful labor organizations toward discipline on railroads was being freely discussed in the public prints, Mr. Roosevelt, then President, wrote this little sermon on the subject:—

"The wage-worker who does not do well at his job shows he lacks self-respect. He ought to wish

to do well because he respects himself. Remember, too, that ordinarily the rich man cannot harm you unless you harm yourself. If you are satisfied with your standard of living until somebody else comes in with a higher standard of living, then the harm the other man has done to you comes because of your own yielding to weakness and envy. If your heart is stout enough you won't feel it.

"The labor union has done great and needed work for the betterment of the laboring-man; but where it has worked against his individual efficiency as a worker it has gone wrong, and the wrong must be remedied. On railroads, for instance, we should not tolerate any interference with the absolute right of a superintendent to discharge a man. There should be no requirement to show cause. The man who is a little inefficient or a little careless, and is left in the service, is apt finally to be responsible for some great disaster; and there should not be the slightest interference or attempted interference with the right of a superintendent to turn such a man out. Where a labor union works to decrease the average efficiency of the worker, it cannot in the long run escape being detrimental to the community as a whole, and in the real interest of organized labor, this should not be permitted."

In the light of the facts as they are to-day, rail-

road men will certainly not look upon this little sermon as a very progressive announcement. Be this as it may, I wish to make Mr. Roosevelt's ideas on the conservation of authority the text of this final section of this chapter.

Of course this autobiography should be, in the main, an experience and not an argument. Nevertheless, the story would certainly lose most of its significance if the writer lacked convictions, or failed to take to himself, and when possible to impart to others, as best he could according to his light, the lessons to be derived from passing events.

Combining a consideration of public problems, then, with the history of my personal progress in the surroundings of a switch tower, I turn again, very briefly, to what may be called the adventures of Dan. From the early East Deerfield days, this man, representing industrial integrity, was the type which at any rate formed the ground plan of the service with which I was associated. Society, of course, is interested in perpetuating the characteristics of this type, and directly in line with the desires and efforts of society in this direction come these problems connected with authority.

Dan, then, was not only socially and industrially successful, but he was also a hero. In the year 1893, I think it was, a heavy freight train crashed into and telescoped a passenger train right in

front of the station at West Cambridge. Five passengers were killed and about thirty were seriously injured. A signal and a flag were against the freight train, but they were both unseen or disregarded. Dan, who lived only a few yards from the station, heard the crash and hurried to the scene. The engine of the freight train ploughed its way clear through the rear coach and was belching a torrent of steam into the next one ahead, when Dan, disregarding the warning shouts of the bystanders, scrambled, with a coat over his head, into the blazing coach. While the crowd hung back, terror-stricken, Dan dragged a number of women and young people to safety through the hissing steam. In after days, notably at Christmas-time, he received tokens of thankful remembrance from many of these people, and in this way his personal satisfaction in his own deed has been kept alive from year to year.

To the men in the signal tower at West Cambridge, however, this collision of trains, with resulting loss of life, was no mystery. They knew all about the signals, the flags, and the conditions under which they were operated. They were also daily witnesses of the efforts of the management, in the interests of safety, to enforce the principle of implicit obedience in the face of a rising tide of aggressive industrial assertiveness which, at the time, was backed up in various ways by public

opinion. In this particular instance the coroner, one or two judges, and the newspapers united in placing all the blame for the accident upon the management of the railroad. The fact was lost sight of that every railroad in the country was suffering from the same trouble at the same time, with similar results.

No substitute has been proposed by these or any other critics, to take the place of obedience to rules and the exercise of authority in connection therewith. Be this as it may, this accident at West Cambridge was used as a test case, and authority was driven to the wall. In the words of the then general superintendent of the Fitchburg Railroad: "The newspapers and the public may know how to run a railroad, but, with such handicaps, I certainly do not."

Some time after this accident at West Cambridge I left the tower service for a while, and was appointed clerk to the superintendent of the division, whose office was in Boston. I held the position for about eighteen months and was then sent back to the tower. I was removed from this position for the same reason, I suppose, that Mr. Hartwell, the superintendent, was also before long relieved of his duties. In a word, we were behind the times. The distinction between the old and the new idea in management was fundamental. For example, Mr. Hartwell, on one occasion,

eliminated a man who was in the habit of running recklessly round curves. The new solution of this problem in discipline is to eliminate the curve. Not so long ago, an accident at Bridgeport, Connecticut, on the New Haven Railroad, was doctored by the courts and the newspapers in this way.

Mr. Hartwell, however, was a disciplinarian, and withal a splendid railroad man, from the ground up. In all cases that came up for promotion, he always insisted upon a thorough examination of each candidate. In order to be trusted with a train, every applicant had to pass Mr. Hartwell's personal inspection. When that old-time superintendent left the service a dozen or more men were on his unavailable list. At the present day, thanks to the seniority rule, practically every man qualifies, and accidents eliminate the weaklings.

Some time before Mr. Hartwell's retirement from the service, a certain train crew, with, or in charge of, a crowded passenger train, left the North Station in Boston. The men neglected to make the air test before starting; consequently the train barely escaped a plunge into an open "draw." Mr. Hartwell discharged the train crew, just as the law would have deprived a pilot of his license for needlessly running his ship upon the rocks. But the superintendent's word was not

final. A number of influences were set to work on behalf of the men, and in a month the crew was sent back to work by order of the highest executive officer on the railroad, who, by the way, at the time was seeking a military appointment at the hands of the governor, and was soliciting political indorsement. It detracts in no way from the importance of the issues that managers at times conspired to defeat their own interests.

However, I got it into my head at the time I was working in Mr. Hartwell's office that society was deeply interested in these two problems of the conservation of character and authority, and it became increasingly evident to me that the issues were as vitally concerned with educational and religious matters as with the railroad business. So I returned to the switch tower with the determination to study these problems, and quietly to start a sort of personal campaign in their behalf with my pen.

VI

THE INDIVIDUAL IN MODERN INDUSTRY

I

During the years 1896 and 1897, while I was at work in the office of the superintendent of the Fitchburg Railroad in Boston, my prospects and work in life were waiting, so to speak, for a mental decision on my part of the simplest kind. I was called upon either to get into harmony with a certain popular movement in business life or remain on the outside as a mere spectator. Without any trouble at all I could have placed myself in the swim and taken my chances with this new system that was just then beginning to develop all over the country in industrial circles. The situation can be described in a very few words.

On the one hand there was the scientific organization of workingmen, and on the other hand there was the scientific organization of the details of the laboring process and of methods of management. While at the time my understanding of the situation was somewhat narrow, nevertheless it was soon impressed upon me, in a number of practical ways, that a great change was about to take place

in the status of the individual whether as a worker or as a manager.

But just at this point in my business career when I was looking over the field and trying to figure in some way on my future in the railroad business, I happened to be in a peculiar mental condition. I was actually making a study of my mind, and in the course of this study I had come to the conclusion that in order to preserve my individuality, it would be necessary for me to treat my mind as I would my business or my body; that is to say, I was called upon to direct its energies and superintend its activities.

I look upon the occasion when first, in a practical way, this idea of mind study took hold of me as a red-letter day in my history. It occurred during the break in my signal-tower service when I was employed in the office of the superintendent of the Fitchburg Railroad in Boston. This story of my mental occupation and interests deserves more than a passing notice, for the line of thought was closely related to the practical happenings that followed.

For a number of years I had been attending the evening classes at the Young Men's Christian Union in Boston, and one evening, at a discussion club, I took part in a debate on temperance. I had made a special study of the subject for the occasion from the mental point of view,

and no one was more surprised than myself at the interesting and instructive outcome of my investigation.

Let me suppose, for the sake of my argument, I said to my clubmates, that for a year or two I have been in the habit of drinking every day a few glasses of beer. In course of time this beer-drinking habit became a well-established feature of my daily routine. But my disposition was such that, as time went by, I was not altogether satisfied with my conduct or with the waste of money that soon became a very significant feature of my beer-drinking career. So I went to work and read a good deal on the subject and then talked the matter over fearlessly and confidentially with friends. Before long my eyes began to open and my interest to intensify.

This brain of mine, I discovered, consists of what is called two hemispheres, one to the right and the other to the left in the human skull. One of these hemispheres, though composed of exactly the same material as the other, never does any work, or receives any sensations. A right-handed man always uses the left brain, a left-handed man uses the right hemisphere. Studying the matter more closely, I then discovered that the brain never shows any signs of life or activity unless or until some sensation or thought is applied to it from the outside. My brain, it

seems, is exactly like a violin. Not a sound can you get out of it except in response to outside pressure with which the violin itself has absolutely nothing to do. Now the mind is the bearer of thought messages to the brain as the bow is the bearer of sound messages to the violin. And there is no message in all the range of human life and experience that this brain of mine is not able to take care of and reproduce in the shape of language, sight, hearing, artistic ideas, or physical action. All these ideas and functions have their home in the brain when once they have been placed there by repeated sensation and the action of the human mind.

In continuing my studies it soon dawned upon me that with my first glass of beer I deliberately went to work and hired a small area or tiny quantity of gray matter in my brain and devoted it to the interests of the saloon. As time went on, the route, that is to say, the avenue of nerves between my mind and the little bed of gray matter in my brain devoted to beer-drinking interests became a well-beaten thoroughfare. On account of its frequent use it grew in size and importance among brain activities and it was continually calling upon the mind to pay attention to its interests and consequently to forget and desert others. In this way the incessant call of the beer developed, in course of time, into an actual brain itch, and

the mind, disturbed and excited by the persistent irritation, never lost an opportunity to take possession of my legs and march me off to the saloon.

But just when affairs seemed to be at their worst another factor put in its appearance. I, who had been studying this brain question, suddenly awoke and said to myself, What is this brain and what is this mind that they should presume to order me around in this fashion? The brain and the mind are my servants, my *Will* is their master. For the future I propose to run this business to suit myself. No longer shall my mind continue to use the beer route to my brain, to ruin my personality. In other words, I am the director and overseer of my own fortunes. My personality is king of mind routes and brain areas and so to begin with I will now go right to work and *change my mind* in regard to this beer-drinking habit. And thus, when I actually compelled the mind to neglect the beer route to the brain, a notable change took place. The beer route contracted from lack of attention and exercise, other and healthier routes robbed it of its function and importance, and before long my mind was in a normal condition.

This study of the mind had more than a passing effect on my fortunes. It increased the inclination I already possessed to consider all

phases of life from a personal viewpoint, and it opened my eyes to the practical relationship that exists at all times between the mind and every-day conduct and habits.

Such, at any rate, was the individualistic spirit with which I looked on my surroundings while I was at work in the superintendent's office. The conclusions I arrived at, by means of this study, emphasized the personal factor in every problem and renewed my attachment to the men on the railroad with whom I was associated and to the principles they represented. I refer now to the actual workers, such as foremen, trainmen, and supervisors, who, of course, were in no way responsible for the general policy of the railroads.

As a matter of fact, at the time great changes were being inaugurated all over the country both in method of operation and in matters of management. For one thing, the accident situation was at last attracting a little attention, abuses in many directions were being discussed, and a new generation of wide-awake employés were coming to the front and receiving a hearing. In course of time, as part of this overturn on the Fitchburg Railroad, the superintendent and the office force, of which I was a part, went out in a body. I was just close enough to the management and sufficiently familiar with the aims of employés to understand the nature of this over-

turn. I did not look at the matter from the viewpoint of the politician or the philosopher. I simply knew that a certain class of men of sterling character and unquestioned ability were, with practically no excuse, being turned out of office. The officials who took their places were also good men, but they belonged to a different school and they were called upon to do business in a different way.

On all sides the general principle of merging, consolidating, and organizing was getting under headway and half a dozen railroads in New England had already been rolled into one. Meantime, of course, business was expanding in every direction and, as everybody seemed to agree, was becoming too complicated for any form of personal management or control. Personally I did not take much stock in this argument, for I noticed that with increase of business no attempt was made to increase the number of supervisors or to retain in any other way the bond of personal relationship.

Be that as it may, personal contact between men and managers began to give way to a cold-blooded system of correspondence which at the present day has reached enormous and ridiculous proportions. Illustrations of these facts are quite interesting.

I can remember the time, for example, when

an employé's "pass" was a bond of sympathy between the men and the management. On request any official could hand an employé what he wanted on the spot. He did not have to say to any man, Who are you and what is your record? He knew his men and he treated them liberally to the best of his judgment. But just as soon as the public and the politicians got mixed up in this pass business the employé's side of it was ruined, and every human factor connected with it was scattered to the winds. To the merchant the pass was a form of rebate, to thousands upon thousands of professional people in different lines it was a form of recompense amounting in some cases to a bribe. The railroads themselves have taken or rather been given the blame for this state of affairs. The recipients, on the other hand, seem to have satisfied public opinion with Adam's apology, "The woman tempted me and I did eat."

To-day the employé's pass has lost all its personal use and significance. It is part of the bond in many of the schedules. Apart from this, if the employé desires a trip pass, he must show in writing that he is legally entitled to it. Instead of coming from the official just above him, it calls for the signature of one of the highest officials on the railroad. And the employé's application for this pass before and after he gets it has a curious

history. En route to a storehouse for safe-keeping it probably figures in a dozen separate reports. It is copied into records, certified, approved, and stamped by numerous officials, clerks, and conductors until in course of time it has fulfilled the multifarious requirements of the Interstate Commerce Law.

The working of what is known as the "Sixteen-Hour Law" furnishes another illustration of the alienation of the employé from the employer which has followed in the train of the new system.

For example, time was when, if I wished to get away from my tower duties for an hour or two for some urgent personal reason, I could, with the permission of the superintendent, call upon one of the other men to help me out. For twenty-five years I watched this method of handling the business in a reasonable and human manner and never knew it to be abused. The management looked upon us as men. To-day, on the other hand, if I want to get away for a couple of hours in order to go to a funeral, my superintendent will refer me to the law in the case as promulgated by the Interstate Commerce Commission: No man can exceed his time limit of nine hours except in cases of emergency, and according to the announced ruling in such matters, I cannot plead emergency for anything that I can foresee. But when a man is dead, I can easily foresee the

funeral. Therefore the only funeral a towerman can go to nowadays is his own. There is absolutely no encouragement for loyalty or *esprit de corps* in mechanical situations of this kind.

Along these lines, then, on the railroads and elsewhere the severing of the human tie between the employé and the employer has been growing from year to year. Just at present there is everywhere, in thinking circles at any rate, a tremendous awakening to these simple and serious facts. Whether the mistakes of management in this direction can be rectified or not is a question. The vital mistake was in depriving the immediate superior of an employé of the authority and individuality that belongs to his office.

On the other hand, it is useless to blame employés for taking their cue from the mechanical system that pays them their wages. The business reformer along those lines at the present day has both sides of the situation to deal with. It is surely my duty, then, along with my personal narrative to describe as best I can these social and industrial movements with which in a practical way I have been associated, and of all these problems this matter of the weeding-out of the human and personal elements in all kinds of working relationships in America is, as it seems to me, by long odds the most important. Additional

illustration of the matter, then, will not be out of place.

The history of affairs in this direction on the old Fitchburg Railroad is a case in point. Here we have a practical demonstration, extending over fifteen or twenty years, of the tendencies, amounting in fact to efforts, of industrial management to widen the gap and lessen the opportunity for personal intercourse between the employer and the workingman.

II

When first I appeared on the scene, the railroad territory now known as the Fitchburg division of the Boston and Maine, consisted of five or six different railroads or divisions of railroads. At Boston, Fitchburg, North Adams, Troy, New York, and one or two other places, superintendents had their headquarters. After the consolidation of these railroads and branches into the Fitchburg system, these different headquarters were abolished. To-day a single superintendent located in Boston covers the whole territory, and probably this man has in his charge six times as many employés as were originally taken care of by five or six separate managers. That is to say, no effort whatever was made to preserve a reasonable and necessary ratio between supervisors and men for the purpose of main-

taining some kind of human relationship between them.

A writer in a recent issue of the "Christian Register" comments on this phase of the labor situation as follows: "It is a curious fact that the recent strikes show that the alienation of the poor from the rich has increased in spite of the social interest that has been spent upon them." Looking into the matter in the case of the railroads, and indeed of nearly all other large industries, the alienation of the employé from the manager is not by any means surprising. The absence of this human factor works out to a logical conclusion in all efficiency and safety problems on railroads and elsewhere.

A brief contrast of a personal nature between the old and the new methods of management on railroads, will throw additional light on this subject.

My superintendent for a great many years on the Fitchburg Railroad was Mr. J. R. Hartwell. He knew each trainman, engineman, and station agent personally. He also knew each engine, its condition and capacity. He rode over his division each day and kept in personal touch with every movement, both of men and equipment. He was always abreast and in tune with every throb of the traffic. As chief clerk under Mr. Hartwell, my duties embraced business of every description on

the division. I hired the trainmen, kept the payrolls, and supervised the train runs and the placing of the equipment. Correspondence of nearly every description passed through my hands. I knew instinctively what a superintendent of Mr. Hartwell's character would do in almost any situation that arose, and in his absence I used his authority freely. Under Mr. Hartwell's administration both the employé and the public got a fair and quick measure of justice. In attending to the duties of the office I had the assistance of a single stenographer. Apart from correspondence that was unavoidable, however, there was an infinity of detail business that was attended to by word of mouth, by telephone, or by telegraph.

On the other hand, to-day, if the business on any given division has doubled, the office force has been multiplied by six and the correspondence and reports by twenty. Matters of the most trifling description, to which formerly the man in authority said "yes" or "no," as he would in any private business, now have to go the rounds of the several departments and give work to a dozen typewriters. Everybody is busy reporting and investigating, business on the typewriters is being rattled off practically by the ton, and this kind of railroad débris, entailed to a great extent by the mechanical administration of affairs and which is carefully tabulated and preserved

for years to cover the law, fills acres of floor space.

Altogether the modern railroad superintendent, his methods, and duties in the year 1912 present a curious study in industrial economics. I copy in part a strange, yet, as it seems to me, an absolutely truthful account of the situation from a recent issue of the "Railway Age Gazette." Nearly everybody in authority on American railroads, according to this writer, is engaged in investigating something and advising somebody. Consequently, for one thing, it costs more to find out who broke a light of glass than to pay for the new material and put it in. Nobody is supposed to answer a question or a letter until nearly every one else has had a chance to "investigate and advise" on the matter. A division superintendent of to-day, we are told, is anywhere from one day to a week behind with his explanations and advices, and he has absolutely no hope of catching up — meantime, "the call-boy is doing to-day's business. Each outbound train depends upon him to furnish a crew."

The train dispatcher, however, is the real storm centre of the railroad business. "He alone has to do with the present. He always has the information you want on his tongue's end, — with the same breath he tells some brakeman's wife on the 'phone when her husband's train will be in.

But," the writer continues, "when we close the door to the dispatcher's office, we shut out the sound of the telegraph instruments, throbbing with the details of to-day's business, and as we pass the doors of the various offices down the hall the steady rattle of typewriters indicates that events from twenty-four hours to a month or more old are being investigated and explained. They cannot possibly catch up with the present. How would an official feel to step to his job some morning and find that he was free to supervise what was going on on his division that day, that there was no need to explain increases in operating expenses, decreases in net tons, engine failures, car shortages, delays, accidents, washouts, fires, labor troubles, or why Passenger Brakeman Jones allowed some prominent politician to get off at the wrong station and thereby miss a scheduled speech. The sensation would, indeed, be novel, and it would take time for him to become accustomed to such a change in conditions."

But while this mechanical way of doing business results, in my opinion, in confusion and inefficiency in nearly every department of affairs, the mental harm that has been caused to employés, managers, and society at large is, at the same time, almost inconceivable.

Only by studying the situation in this light can one understand and account for the artificial rela-

tionship that is becoming such a significant factor to-day in American industrial circles.

III

With the men of the old school on the Fitchburg Railroad I was on very friendly terms and I was naturally much annoyed at the unceremonious treatment they received at the hands of the new system. In the course of a few years practically every man of my acquaintance who held a responsible position on the Fitchburg Railroad and who continued to exercise any form of personality or independence, received his walking papers. Some of the old officials fitted themselves easily into the working of the new system, but many of them did not. It was not so much the loss of their jobs that troubled these men as it was the knowledge that so far as recognition was concerned their life work had been wasted. To the mechanical man of the present day dismissal is for the most part a financial consideration; his salary is the tie that binds; but at the time I am now referring to it was the abrupt severing of personal and business relationship and banishment from spheres of honorable work and usefulness that cut these old railroad men to the soul. I do not think people at the present day have any conception of what this momentous change in relationship between employer and employed

really meant and means to individuals and to society at large. To illustrate this point I am going to picture the process in actual operation as it concerns one of the old-timers on the Fitchburg Railroad when he was called on to get down and out to make room for the new machinery.

Beginning far back in the seventies and for about twenty-five years following, one of the best-known men on the railroad was a detective, who was known all over New England as "Big Mike." In those days even the general superintendent was distinguished by a descriptive nickname. These titles were always characteristic, but their exact meaning was not always apparent on the surface. For example, Mike was called "Big" on account of his heart work on the railroad. By night and day the human side of his detective work was to him the ever-present and all-absorbing consideration. A few days before I left Boston to return to my levers in the switch tower, Mike came to see the superintendent on a final visit. The story was then going the rounds that some time previously Mike had caught a young fellow in the act of pilfering from a freight car. For reasons of his own, however, instead of sending him to jail in due process of law, Mike, it was said, had simply taken his word of honor in some way and then let the boy go.

Under the new system, of course, this was a

capital offence. The management, he was told, would never countenance such proceedings. What was the use of machinery, that is to say, of clerks, typewriters, lawyers, courts of justice, and prisons, if a simple detective were allowed to settle the case of a young thief in this way. Such, at any rate, were the excuses and explanations for his discharge and he had to go. Just what a great honest heart was capable of doing in this detective business on railroads, however, was probably only known in all its significance to Mike himself. Even to his friends and associates on the railroad the strange fact that he was actually running his department in the life interest of these embryo criminals was not fully appreciated until some time after his departure. In other words, here and there, in different places in New England, there was actually a scattered school of these young fellows, whom Mike at different times had arrested and after a personal investigation had befriended in some way. By hook or by crook he had kept them out of jail and enabled them to begin life anew with at least one firm friend at their backs. In this way to an extent that is almost incredible, Big Mike became a private probation officer on his own responsibility. In the younger set of these unfortunates he was particularly interested, for the reason that five out of six of his captures on railroad property were under seven-

teen years of age. His regard for these youngsters developed in time into a passion for helping them out. In working out their reformation, however, his method was somewhat unique. To begin with, according to reports, he always managed to give his students a good sound beating as a sort of preliminary to a mutual understanding. One day, for example, he chased one of these embryo thieves, a brawny young fellow, into Walden Pond. A desperate fight in the water ensued. The contest was decided in the detective's favor and finally he dragged his beaten antagonist on to dry land. Instead of locking him up, however, he took the young culprit to his own home. He kept him on probation for a few months and then engaged him as his personal assistant in the detective business. To-day this student holds high rank in the profession. In my hearing one day Mike explained his attachment to the boy, somewhat as follows: "You see," he said, "I never in my life came so near getting licked myself, and drowned into the bargain, as I did that afternoon in Walden Pond. I had the greatest respect for that kid from the start."

On the afternoon of his departure, Mike was given a sort of farewell reception. Fifteen or twenty men from different offices in the old granite building on Causeway Street, Boston, were present. The boys tried to make it pleasant for

him, but he refused to be comforted. The work of a lifetime was thrown back in his face and he could not conceal his mental dejection. His desk or locker was in one corner of the room. Just before he took his departure he placed the contents of this locker on the table. In all there were about fifty relics or mementoes of adventure. To each one of us he presented one of these articles as a token of remembrance, accompanying each gift with a fragment of the story connected with it. Throughout the proceeding Mike acted like a broken-hearted man. With that farewell to his old-time associates this champion of the human side in the detective business passed absolutely from the world of affairs. He went into seclusion and even his best friends saw him no more. One afternoon, however, a year or two ago, the writer in passing a public playground in the South End of Boston caught sight of him. He was intently watching his old-time favorites, the boys, at play. When he became aware of my approach, he turned abruptly and walked away, and then it dawned upon me that big-hearted Mike, like Timon of Athens, in the old story, had really and finally turned his back on the world.

IV

The most interesting of all my experiences in life so far have been concerned with the adven-

tures of my pen. My setback in railroad life had a good deal to do with my literary activity. I soon gave up all thoughts of promotion in the railroad service and upon my return to the signal tower, I devoted nearly all my spare time to the construction of sentences. The thinking man wishes to share his thought with other men, and naturally the first thing for him to do in working out a programme of this kind is to cultivate ways and means of expression. That I was entirely ignorant of the rules of composition or of the usual requirements of a successful writer did not bother me for a minute, and as for my knowledge of grammar I did not give it a thought. But, on the other hand, I seemed to possess a faculty, an indefinable something that was independent of these technical foundations. I could at least tell a plain story in a plain way. And besides, backing up my craving for expression, there was somehow and somewhere in the storehouses of my mind an infinite array of sentences of matchless form and magical significance acquired during years of thoughtful reading, out of all which favoring circumstances there came to me in the course of time a sort of intuition of rightness both of form and substance. To a greater extent than I can possibly explain a sentence has always been to me a matter of euphony, not only in the measured ring of the words, but also, as it

were, in the sounding significances of the thought. Such at any rate in my own case is the anatomy of style.

Nevertheless, in making the best of my natural equipment a good deal of hard work was necessary. To begin with I simply went to work to practice the arts of condensation and clearness of presentation for their own sakes. The simple satisfaction of being able to put into words what I saw with my eyes and fancied in my mind was sufficient reward for the exertion it entailed. And I was assisted in my efforts at the time by a very commonplace incident. Shortly after my return to the switch tower, I wrote a short story on some railroad subject and sent it to a publisher in Boston. It was returned without comment. I then sent the same article by way of a friend to another publisher, and the verdict from him was somewhat as follows: "If the man works in a switch tower, in all frankness I say let him stick to his job."

I took the advice in good part and immediately went to work on plans for improvement. I took Shakespeare's play, "The Tempest," as a sort of model with which to experiment. I studied the plot, the characters, and the scenes. When thoroughly familiar with these features I proceeded to write the story in my own words, being careful to leave nothing out, and weaving the

whole into a straightforward narrative, containing about one thousand words. I wrote and rewrote the story at least one hundred times. In this task my ingenuity in condensation and in the presentation of my material was taxed to the utmost. The time and labor, however, were well spent, and then, just at the time when I was hesitating about my next literary move, my attention was called to a short story announcement in the "Black Cat."

Ten thousand dollars was to be divided into prizes. Just for the fun of the thing I determined to try my hand. I was successful beyond my dreams. Within a year, in prizes and otherwise, I earned about one thousand dollars. For the time being I put aside all social and industrial problems and abandoned myself to the spell of this kind of intellectual enjoyment. An introduction to one of my first stories, in which I describe myself as lording it over the situation like the discoverer of a new world, gives one a good idea of my mental exuberance: "Surely it is a good thing," I wrote, "to have a mind stored with treasures from all parts of the world. Puck has said it, — 'What fools these mortals be.' Not all fools, Mr. Puck; fools and knaves, and will you believe it? I am very glad that such is the distressing combination. For I am one of the knaves, you understand, gloating over the perplexity of

my fellows, to the end that I may secure material for moonlight reveries and dutiful subjects for my fancy to fling among the blazing logs in the fireplace as I, their king and conjurer, put them through their paces under the magical influence of my pipe and my glass of toddy."

The enterprise of an imagination of this reckless description could not possibly confine itself to this humdrum universe. In a story entitled "Squaring the Circle," I took a bold plunge into the hereafter. I was working as a telegraph operator at the central shaft in the Hoosac Tunnel at the time, and one day with a companion I had the temerity to explore a subterranean cavern which I discovered in the vicinity of the office. After an adventurous trip and by certain means, which are fully described in the story, I found myself looking down through a small cranny into a globe, which probably fills the centre of our planet. Stretching round and down beneath me was a glorious arch or sky inclosing a pale silvery atmosphere. My amazement can be imagined when I perceived that this vast space was thronged with millions of tiny globes about the size of golf-balls, which were darting and circling hither and thither with inconceivable swiftness. Some of them were white, others again were coal black. The white globes, I noticed, were able in some way, in the twinkling of an eye,

to transform themselves into little squares and the process seemed to act as a brake on their motive power, enabling them to float at will or to join themselves to other squares in the form of rings and festoons of striking beauty. The black globes, on the other hand, being unable to square the circle, ceaselessly wheeled and darted in a sort of reckless pursuit of each other. As with mingled feelings of pity and wonder I watched the endless gyrations of these black spirit-like meteors, I said to myself, "There is no rest for the wicked." On the other hand, when I turned my attention to the glorious throng of white spheres floating or swaying everywhere in restful harmony, surely, I thought, this must be the fulfillment of the promise, "The peace that passeth understanding." I managed to capture one of the little black spheres and take it out with me to the office at the central shaft for examination; when I opened it, the contents, combining with the gaseous atmosphere in the tunnel, caused a terrible explosion and set the office on fire. For this and other reasons of a weird and creepy description, the telegraph office in the central shaft was immediately abandoned.

During the years in which my chief intellectual occupation was story-writing I was engaged in a

few side excursions which were not only interesting in themselves, but, as it would now appear, they were just what was needed to steer me back into a more substantial groove of intellectual effort. One day, I heard Mr. Samuel Jones, the then Mayor of Toledo, deliver an address at one of the Mills meetings in the Parker Memorial Building in Boston. He made a simple yet inspiring plea for more brotherhood in our social and industrial dealings with each other. I then and there made up my mind to pay him a visit in order to study his ideas in practical operation. The opportunity to do so came in the year 1900. I made the trip to Toledo and spent nearly a week, several hours a day, in the mayor's company. I visited his office, his house, his factory, and incidentally I filled my note-book with observations and records of sight-seeing. I said to myself, "Here is a man who has the time, the opportunity, and the means to work out the problem of social and industrial relationship to a finish; what is his plan and what are the results?" "To begin with," he said to me, "I consider the whole question of better social and industrial conditions as mainly a moral one. I have given up hoping for or believing in regeneration by party or collective methods of any kind. I am not one of those who think you can vote righteousness or brotherly conduct into anybody or into any

nation. All machine methods of uplift, whether in industry or politics, are futile. You might just as well go on to the street and take a dozen men out of a crowd, call them musicians, and bid them play as to try to vote a social conscience into any community." There was no concealing the fact that the Mayor of Toledo was an enthusiast. He had an absorbing sympathy for struggling misdirected humanity, and his appeal was for brotherhood; coöperation not competition between the units of society. His application of these ideas to the management of his own factory makes very interesting reading. "My brother Dan," he said to me, "has general charge of the place. We began work here in a small way in 1894 employing six men; now we have over one hundred. We manufacture oil-well appliances and particularly a sucker rod which is an invention of my own. Yes — of course it is patented. Do I preach against patents and yet use one? Yes, I am sorry to say Society compels me to. I suppose my excuse is that I can do more good with it than without. A man meets this dilemma in a hundred forms and must figure it out with his own conscience. In running our shop, we set out upon a basis of absolute equality. Equality in everything but wages, and I should n't be surprised if we include even that before long; as it is to-day we pay a minimum rate of two dollars.

We pay no less to anybody. At the same time we have considerable work that could be done just as well by boys for less than half the money, but we don't want child labor at any price. Again, we have no bosses nor foreman in the shops. No ironclad regulations nor orders deface the walls. Of course certain things creep in that have to be stopped; for instance, newspaper reading during working-hours. Well, there is a typewritten letter on a pillar yonder that states the case in a fair way and it is quite sufficient. It reads like this, 'According to our ideas of justice and equality, what is fair for one is fair for all. If one reads a newspaper during working-hours, all have the same right; obviously this would ruin our common interest; therefore let us all abstain from newspaper reading during our eight hours of work.'"

In conclusion, Mayor Jones summarized his Golden Rule settlement as follows, "A shop with one hundred workers, the day's work eight hours, a minimum daily wage of two dollars, no bossing or disagreeable features, and a mutual insurance plan to which we all belong. For those who remain with us six months a week's vacation with full pay, and a dividend at Christmas. So far this has amounted to five per cent on the year's salary. With the money, each man receives a letter of Christmas greeting and sympathy from the firm.

A more inspiring and satisfactory state of affairs cannot well be imagined than this Golden Rule settlement, and it lasted just as long as Mayor Jones lived to direct its activities and inspire it with his presence. Shortly after his death, however, the shop and the system connected with it fell to pieces, for the simple reason that the plan, without the head and the authority to superintend it, was at least one hundred years ahead of its time. A few years later, when I again visited Toledo, I found the whole splendid system had dissolved into its original competitive parts simply for lack of authority and leadership.

This visit to Toledo broke the spell of short-story writing, although it was not until a year or two later that I finally withdrew from the field. Meanwhile I spent a great deal of time studying the social and labor situation and in visiting factories and business establishments to get in touch with actual conditions. And in connection with these studies I then began to write a little for the press. For instance, in 1902 I received an invitation from the manager of the "Boston Journal" to represent that paper in the Pennsylvania coal regions during the great strike. My instructions were to report the situation just as I found it, regardless of personal opinion or newspaper policies. In this way I had the opportunity to get pretty close

to the inner workings of a great industrial conflict. As in the railroad business and in the management of a Golden Rule factory, so in this coal region, among thousands of striking miners, I found every situation dependent on the conservation of authority and the individuality of the leaders. I can never forget an interview I had with one of these mine leaders. He was quite a remarkable example of the second generation of foreigners. He could speak five languages fluently, three of them he could read and write. When I requested him to tell me something about the personality and influence of the labor leaders during the strike, his answer, word for word, was as follows: "Well, sir, I'll tell you just what I think about it. To begin with, I will say the operators want the foreigners and can't get along without them. The more ignorant they are, generally speaking, the cheaper the labor is. An American boy will seldom go into the mine after leaving school. Now, then, granted that you will always have these ignorant people in these mines, the question arises, How are you going to keep their passion in check and to improve their general condition, which I suppose you will allow to be praiseworthy objects? Can the authorities do this? Can their officers and agents speak the languages of these people? Can they secure their confidence? Not at all. Well, then, I can. Now,

then, all I ask you to do is to call upon the chief of police or the chief magistrate in any township in these coal regions, and if these people don't inform you that these leaders are, generally speaking, honest men and a power of good in the community, they have certainly changed their minds since you have come into these parts." It was after considerable experience of this kind in mills, mines, and factories that I finally settled down to a systematic study of the accident situation on the railroads.

VII

A STUDY OF THREE PRESIDENTS

When a man becomes simply the henchman of a political party, a labor union, or a corporation, his opinions, as a rule, have a biased foundation. The necessity for a broader conception of individual responsibility and exertion in all the walks of life is at the bottom of the philosophy contained in this autobiography. With this philosophy in the foreground of my mental equipment, I worked from the year 1903 until 1908 in the switch tower at West Cambridge, studying the service on American railroads from every conceivable point of view. The deeper I looked into the matter of preventable accidents, the more I became convinced of the personal nature of the difficulties with which the problem was surrounded. Here is a situation, I said to myself, that I can at least clarify and explain. On this one word *accident* I can now concentrate an individuality that for twenty-five years has been trying to find an outlet.

Roughly speaking my breaking-in, physically, technically, and intellectually, had consumed the best part of twenty-five years. During these

years, so far as material or financial betterment was concerned, I had been actually going backward. In South America when I was seventeen years of age, I received twice as much salary as I have ever received in the United States. I married when my pay was thirteen dollars a week, and I am sorry that I am obliged to crowd out this inner circle of my life-story with the simple statement that I look upon my married life as an ample and happy reward for all the disappointments and difficulties contained in the rest of my experience.

Just at present, then, I am concerned with life in the open. Before I managed to get a public hearing on the subject of railroad accidents, I spent two or three years in fruitless efforts. I sent a number of appeals to railroad managers in different parts of the country. I proposed safety leagues, badges, buttons, safety officials on every railroad, — anything to excite individual interest in the matter. Most of these ideas are now in practical and successful operation on many railroads. But from only one of the managers in that early period did I receive anything more definite than an acknowledgment of my communications. From Mr. Kruttschnitt, vice-president of the Southern Pacific, I received by letter the first actual recognition and encouragement. This, I think, was early in 1906. I followed this

up by addressing the legal department of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and the reply I received was as follows: —

I have your letter of March 16th. I also received yours of the 16th ult., enclosing "Observations of a Signalman," etc. I trust you will pardon me for not acknowledging the receipt of your communication. I have been away most of the time for the last month and have only just had an opportunity to read your remarks. I think it splendid, and I believe that you have hit upon some of the difficulties of our system. I am sending your paper to President Tuttle.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) EDGAR J. RICH,

General Solicitor.

This letter led, by a simple evolution of events, to the publication, in the year 1908, of "The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman."

Mr. Rich, of course, had no knowledge whatever of my writings until they appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," but it was his intense loyalty to the railroad, together with his comprehensive conception of the true interests of the public, the employé, and the employer, that strengthened my own position in the matter and renewed my devotion to the work in hand.

It was in the month of June, 1907, that I finally took the bull by the horns. In the June number of the "Atlantic Monthly" an article was published entitled, "The Personal Factor in the Labor Problem." I knew just as well as the writer of this article all about President Tuttle's kindly feeling towards railroad men. To Mr. Tuttle belonged all the credit for the harmonious relations that obtained at the time on the Boston and Maine Railroad between management and men. But unfortunately harmony was not the only consideration, either then or now, in the efficiency problems on railroads, although politicians and the leaders of labor unions may be of that opinion.

At any rate, after carefully reading the article in question, I went right into Boston and requested an interview with the editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." I said to him, "Do you know what this so-called harmony on the railroad really means? Would you like to follow its trail and note by the way its actual significance in terms of service, — the relationship, for instance, between this kind of harmony and the railroad accident?" The nature of the editor's answer can be gathered from the articles that followed in the pages of the "Atlantic."

Leaving these articles, then, to tell their own story of my subsequent work and activities, I wish

now to devote a little space to a study of three well-known and justly celebrated men, who became interested in my articles on the railroad business as they appeared from month to month in the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly."

Not only are my interviews with these men never-to-be-forgotten events in my own history, but the studies are, I think, of peculiar and timely interest at the present day. In November, 1908, my study of "Three Presidents" was published in the "Boston Herald," substantially as follows: —

Some time ago I was accorded an interview with one of the most intellectual and cleverest railroad men in the United States. President Mellen, of the New Haven Road, is certainly a remarkably well-equipped man. My impressions of his strength, his versatility, his wide and clear comprehension of the smallest details of railroad life, as well as of its broadest issues, are unmistakably vivid and favorable. One of the most remarkable features connected with the President of the New Haven system seemed to me to be his physical make-up, his cast of countenance, and the structure or contour of his head. My first thought when I met him was that I had seen a very similar head before, somewhere in some art gallery. I was not mistaken, for later I came across the facsimile, which includes a remarkable

facial resemblance, in case number two in the room devoted to Egyptian antiquities in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The head is typical of a splendid intellectual era. At any rate, Mr. Mellen has a strangely elongated skull, with other Egyptian characteristics. His face is exceedingly pale, and the features, while denoting great firmness and strength of character, are seemingly passionless and absolutely impenetrable.

When I entered the room, which was of enormous proportions, Mr. Mellen appeared to be so solitary, so motionless, so statuesque, I was positively startled when he turned his head. I write down these random impressions, just as they occur to me, for the reason that in every conceivable way President Mellen presents to us a remarkable contrast to President Roosevelt. Both are big typical Americans. Both are kings in their own domains, but they are not to be judged or considered from the same point of view. What they actually stand for, think about, and talk about represents schools that have little in common, and the distinction between them is as wide as the continent, although their ideals are equally honorable and praiseworthy.

In Mr. Mellen's conversation one listens to a discourse on commercial America. Standing on a pedestal he surveys American ideas, motives,

and the swaying to and fro of public opinion as an astronomer or soothsayer might contemplate the system of the stars. Both the stars and the politicians are subject to the laws of gravitation which Mr. Mellen has laboriously studied and thoroughly understands. The impressionist concludes from his conversation that if we could only be persuaded to obey certain ordinary and common-sense laws, all would be well with us. But, unfortunately, once in a while, from unknown causes, unexpected movements and catastrophes take place among the stars, and in like incomprehensible manner, once in a while emotional outbursts and romantic stupidities of public sentiment play havoc with the commercial prospects of the American nation. The American Don Quixote, tilting at sentimental windmills, has over and over again dried up the money market and snatched the bread and butter from the mouths of thousand upon thousands of honest working-people.

There is dry positive common sense in this argument, or rather, in this impression of mine. If the history of progress has any lesson at all for the social student, it teaches him that the principles which, to a great extent, are represented to-day by Mr. Mellen's commercial policies are fundamentally right. But we must not forget that these policies are commercial, not romantic

or emotional. The merging of conflicting interests into harmonious systems under sane and watchful supervision means intelligent progress. In the smallest economies of life, as well as in its highest spiritual activities, we are all ardent believers in and promoters of the principle of consolidation and the merger. In the onward march of civilization we cannot escape from it, either on railroads or in the adjusting of affairs that regulate the destinies of nations, whose conflicting interests in the past have supplied us with incentive to cheat and rob each other and to wage brutal war in the interests of conflicting religions and of different ideas of liberty.

Of course this is only an individual impression of the ethics of commercialism, represented by the merger principle. In a general way the impressionist is justified in associating Mr. Mellen with progress along these commercial and common-sense lines. At the same time, behind Mr. Mellen's calm and sphinx-like exterior there may be concealed whole worlds of emotional and romantic philosophy, but the impressionist never catches a glimpse of it.

In the same way President Roosevelt stands at the head of his own but a very different school. There is not a trace of the high-poised astronomer or astute calculator of commercial probabilities in his composition. Looking at President

Union University Library

Mellen in repose you wonder if he can speak at all, but the face of President Roosevelt in repose is inconceivable. His face fairly ripples with ideas. The impression one actually receives from it is kaleidoscopic. The face is kin to the whole world; for President Roosevelt is an immense worshiper and his idols are the emotional, the romantic, and the spiritual ideals of the American people. Along these lines he is the social and political magician of the twentieth century. He touches the ground with his wand and up springs a burning question. In furnishing these periodical surprises to the nation he reminds one of Prospero on the Enchanted Island. Every once in a while he says to himself, as Prospero did to the lovers, "I will now bestow upon the people some vanity of mine art; it is my promise and they expect it from me."

But President Roosevelt is practical as well as emotional. He is the preserver of the woods, the fields, and the rivers from the commercial destroyer. He is the patron of sports and the Defender of the Faith. He is at once the God of War and the Angel of Peace. He is the guardian of home life, the reflector of the best instincts and emotions of the American people, and he holds their votes in the hollow of his hand.

However, what I have written is merely a sort of historical impression derived from reading

and conversation. Let us now come a little closer and take a few snapshots of the Chief Executive of the nation at close range in his own office.

On February 26, 1908, at ten o'clock in the morning, I entered the business end of the White House, and after making myself known, I was escorted to a small anteroom where I divested myself of my derby and overcoat. Ten minutes later I was ushered into another room of more imposing proportions. A huge business-like table, surrounded by a number of equally serviceable chairs, occupies the entire length of the room. Lincoln's address at Gettysburg, a simple ornament or two, a generous open fireplace, and a small book-stand with the word "Cabinet," stamped on the volumes are the principal features of what I took to be the Cabinet Room.

Before long a number of people began to file in and to form a circle round the table until the room was comfortably filled. At this point my mental note-taking begins in earnest. I was informed there were several delegations present, representing educational societies from various States. The ladies were all handsomely gowned. They appeared to be intensely interested in the proceedings. The men were equally well-groomed, but not quite so fidgety and anxious as the fair sex. Nearly everybody displayed a badge or button of some kind. Here and there, however,

among the groups I noticed a few undecorated and unimportant looking gentlemen. I was told they were Representatives and Congressmen connected with the delegations, and there were also two or three governors of states in the company.

I suppose there is little enchantment in the White House for people who are already distinguished. At any rate, these "already great" people appeared to be perfectly at home and to the "manor" born. One of them was perched on the edge of the table and persisted in swinging his feet to and fro in an indifferent school-boy fashion; another with his coat-collar turned up and folded arms, standing a trifle to one side, reminded me forcibly of the picture of Napoleon on the quarter deck.

While I was in the midst of this interesting study, the folding doors directly in front of me were drawn aside, and I got my first glimpse of President Roosevelt. He sat at his desk dictating to a stenographer. A large window in the rear of the desk enabled me to get a very good outline of his features. The head is remarkably square in appearance, so are the shoulders, and at the same time I noticed a decided and quite uncommon jutting out or pouting of the lips as the words are dictated. Pausing for a second to think, the President's left eyebrow is lowered a trifle, the lips protrude, but as quickly part again,

and then the squarely set jaw and the much-to-be-admired and world-famous rows of squarely set teeth are in evidence. You cannot say the President's clothing is extremely neat or wonderfully well fitting; the impression is rather that of a sensible work-a-day outfit, without a single peculiarity.

The President's voice is deepset and musical. Emphasis and sincerity are its noticeable characteristics. "How do you do?" is the simplest of sentences, yet the President gives to it a different modulation, a different accent and emphasis, almost every time he makes use of it. He possesses more variations of "I am glad to see you," than railroad brakemen make use of in calling the stations. "I *am* glad to see *you*." "Very glad, indeed, to *meet you in particular*, Mr. So and So." He rings all the changes in these little courtesies of life just the same as he does in all his policies and opinions in national affairs.

But you almost forget his remarkable tact and kindliness of greeting when you watch the amazing rapidity with which he circles the table and disposes, in the strongest and happiest fashion, of group after group of his visitors. Of course, every one of these visitors has some little hobby, some little pent-up speech, some neatly prepared and beautifully illuminated document with which each one in particular intends to arrest the Pres-

ident, and actually compel his attention for a second or two. But nearly all of them were woefully, or perhaps I should say, happily mistaken. For he halted at each group just long enough to get a hint of its particular hobby, or the heart of its errand, and then, in one or two ringing sentences of congratulation and encouragement, he seemed to touch them all personally and sympathetically in some way. He was bubbling over with enthusiasm on the very topic that appeals to the heart of each group. In the best sense he seemed to be all worked up, his face was flushed, the veins stood out, every word rang as sharp and clear as the blows of a hammer on an anvil, and every sentence was made into an opportunity to shake hands with about six people. But enthusiasm is always in a hurry, and everybody in the room seemed to have caught the cue from the President. The ladies, in particular, entered into the spirit of the business; they seemed to understand and feel the tremendous task the President had before him, with the anteroom crowded and more coming, until positively the people seemed to hurry him along; they forgot themselves and their errands, and wished him Godspeed as if his mission was something like Paul Revere's on the road to Concord.

In circling the table and the groups of visitors the first time, the most fortunate individual, as

well as the happiest, was a mere boy. The young fellow was introduced to the President by the governor of his state. They had traveled a long distance to show the President a little mechanical invention of some kind. I am sorry I was unable to ascertain just what it was. The governor explained it as best he could, while the boy looked on, nervously playing with his cap the while. At first the President turned it over and over again and examined it, as it seemed to me, rather listlessly. He had no time for mechanical conundrums or puzzles. But suddenly, something about it arrested his attention, and he made a break through the crowd for the nearest window. Holding it up to the light, he gave way to several exclamations of astonishment and delight. The boy had followed him to the window — dropping his cap on the way. The President behaved like a child with a new toy. Then he proceeded to explain it to the governor as explicitly and confidentially as if he had made it himself. Finally he turned round to the inventor and I thought he would surely dislocate the boy's wrist with hand-shaking.

But it must not be imagined that the President's voyage round the table was all plain sailing. At one point he was fairly buttonholed by a lady and two gentlemen. I watched them closely, because I noticed they were all talking to him

at once, while he, on his part, in an attitude of amused astonishment, turned his head quickly to the right and to the left and then back again, in an effort to catch the drift of the medley. Watching the play, I said to myself, "Here at last is the real thing, Mr. President, — from Chicago, probably; I wonder how you will get round or over these noisy obstacles." My suspense lasted but a second or two, for suddenly the President, with a smile and a wave of his hand, motioned them to follow him into his private office. To the right of his desk was a lounge, very low-seated, very soft, and very deep, and just wide enough to accommodate three ordinary people on a fair squeeze. Simply in no time the three talkatives found themselves snugly entombed on this lounge with the lady in the middle and the President on one of the business-like office chairs, planted squarely in front of them. It looked like an all morning session. In reality it lasted about three minutes. For the occupants of the lounge to speak above a whisper under such conditions was out of the question. The gentleman on the left nevertheless started in with a rush, but his enthusiasm entailed a certain amount of bobbing up and down, which performance was faithfully and ludicrously imitated by his companions. They could n't help themselves. You could actually watch the arguments

dying away on the man's lips, and with it, of course, the bobbing up and down. It was plainly impossible to carry on any kind of conversation under such peculiar and uncomfortable conditions. The first pause was the President's cue and with pencil in hand he actually tapped out a couple of sentences on the breast of one of the victims, at which there was a burst of merriment, and a second later the President was back among the crowd. Of course the scene from beginning to end was merely the impression of a spectator, of which the actors in the affair were utterly unconscious.

My own turn came at last, and upon making myself known, the President gave me a hearty slap on the shoulder and exclaimed, "I am very glad to meet you; go right in there and sit down. I want to have a real talk with you."

So I took a seat in his office, close to his desk, while he proceeded to circle the table with its new group of visitors, for the second time. I sat there for half an hour or more, but I was not forgotten by any means. The President returned to the office from time to time for the purpose of giving me an introduction to gentlemen who were interested in the railroad business, and with whom he wished me to converse. But when finally his morning's work was over, he seated himself at the desk and proceeded to tell me how

much he was interested in the problems that we are confronted with to-day on American railroads. Then he asked me a few questions in regard to the situation. I was about to answer when the President turned to a bundle of documents that were stacked upon his desk and began to read and sign them. Naturally I thought it my duty to stop talking until he was disengaged, but he looked up from his work and said, "Pay no attention to me; keep right on talking." So I spun out a yarn that occupied fully ten minutes. During this time the President had been busy reading and signing all sorts of letters and documents, long and short, and affixing his autograph to photographs and miscellaneous programmes and such-like. But I could see that his mind was intently fixed on his work, for every once in a while he would throw a paper on one side without his signature, and for this reason I could n't imagine it possible that he was also listening to me. Yet such was the actual fact, for later, when he gave me his undivided attention, he brought out the points of my argument just like a lawyer analyzing the testimony of a witness.

But you could no more confine the President's interest or conversation to the railroad business than you could confine a rainstorm to a square foot of territory. He fairly revels among the big issues that are uppermost in the minds of stu-

dents of American conditions and civilization. He laid particular emphasis upon the laboring-man and his power and influence upon the destinies of the country. The bold peasantry, the strong-limbed, stout-hearted artisan, their country's pride, are the national backbone. The mainstay of any nation is, after all, to a great extent, brawn and muscle. And yet he was by no means forgetful of the ethics of strength and the importance of character. For his own boy to break his collar-bone was a trifle, to breaking his word.

The influence that the accumulation of riches has upon the national character was another of his topics. "What is your pay per day?" he asked. I told him. "Well," he replied, "your wealth bears about the same proportion to mine that mine does to the multi-millionaire. Not so long ago we heard that Mr. So and So was coming to live at Oyster Bay. The news caused a mild sensation, even among the well-to-do residents. If there is anything that one enjoys at these small places in the country, or the seashore, it is the simplicity of our everyday life and of our surroundings. Yet one and all of us at Oyster Bay understood only too well that if So and So with his unlimited wealth and love of display, settled down in our midst, it meant good-bye to everything that made Oyster Bay such a delightful retreat. We knew our simple and efficient

servant-maids would be displaced, sooner or later, by butlers, in all the pomp of livery and buttons. Our modest pony carriages would become chariots with prancing horses; our unobtrusive cottages would give place to luxurious palaces, and our comfortable work-a-day clothing would, to a great extent, be discarded for a mere display of fashion and expensive fabric. In a word, the money-god would soon become supreme instead of the simple deities, whose worship endears to us the woods, the fields, and the home. The nation at large has to guard against the same dangers that threatened our community at Oyster Bay."

Then the President arose, and shaking my hand said to me, "I am very glad you came to see me. I wish to encourage you, and I intend to follow your work very closely."

At this moment the chief usher glided quietly into the room. I honestly think he was half ashamed of himself, and no wonder. He held in his hand a final list of unfortunates who were still waiting their turn in the anteroom. I think the movements of the usher were a faithful reflection of his feelings. He came in and crossed the room sidewise, so to speak, and actually described a semicircle before he arrived within speaking distance of the President. Merely glancing at the proffered list, President Roosevelt shook his

head — a trifle wearily, I thought — and as nearly as I can remember the words, exclaimed: "Very sorry, indeed, but not to-day, utterly impossible."

A few months later I was afforded an opportunity to meet the President of Harvard University. As an impressionist I have very little to say about Dr. Eliot. I don't think he lends himself, in the slightest degree, to an observer from that point of view. But just where the impressionist comes to a standstill for lack of material, the student begins to get busy. Without any reflection on men of pronounced ideas and assertive personality, I cannot help thinking that as one approaches the highest levels of intellectual and spiritual achievement, the more difficult it is likely to become for the ordinary observer to "find the mind's construction in the face." Happily, however, students and disciples are gifted with a keener insight. To them it is given to penetrate, just as far as they can appreciate. The intuition of such people pays little attention to appearances, and when they go forth into the wilderness to meet John the Baptist, they at once recognize the man whose image is in their own hearts.

Nevertheless I think it is true, in the main, that in forming opinions of people one's mental camera is usually on the watch for characteristics

that jut out, unconsciously or otherwise, in language or behavior. The impressionist is eager to seize upon and to emphasize these obtrusions. At first sight this may appear to be a commonplace method of securing material for intelligent portrait studies, and yet in many cases the indications are reliable and one can easily detect these "hall marks" of a man's nature, which suggest, quite forcibly at times, his individual route to fame or fortune.

President Mellen, for example, has certain well-defined obtrusions. Though unmistakable in their significance, they are nearly all of a negative character. The conclusions you arrive at in regard to his splendid intellectual equipment and his far-reaching business acumen are all your own. They are the deductions or impressions which you have gathered from sources which perhaps you cannot even name. This kind of an impression stands at the head of its class. Under its influence your opinion is formed quickly and positively, and you give but little thought to the evidence. The blind God himself works along these lines. You love and know not how or why.

But impressions of the second class are altogether different. They are adulterated with outside influences, and consequently they rank lower in the scale of impressions.

President Roosevelt, for example, has a score

of obtrusions of the most positive character. Your impressions of him are not intuitions at all, for the evidence has been placed before you, and your verdict has been invited. He first twangs his bow to attract your attention, so there is no mystery about the shaft that strikes you so fairly and squarely. Doubtless the impression you receive is vivid enough, but it is not an unassisted interpretation of your own, for your subject has said to you in so many words, "Take this medicine;— now what do you think of me?" Under such circumstances many of us are as clay in the hands of the potter.

But there is another— a third class of impressions. They are not easily or lightly arrived at. They rank very low as impressions and very high as interpretations. A portrait study derived from impressions of the third class is the most instructive and delightful of all. As I have elsewhere remarked, where the impressionist halts for lack of material, the student is called upon to consider the problem.

During a conversation with Dr. Eliot, that lasted nearly an hour, I was unable to detect any mannerisms or obtrusions of any kind. I failed to note any marked characteristics, either of thought or behavior. And yet, while I was unconscious of any offhand impressions, I was convinced that a little quiet study would be likely

to bring interesting facts to the surface. I got this idea into my head from the satisfaction I received from my interview.

I called to mind the physical portrait of the man sitting gracefully upright in the armchair. While there was unmistakable dignity in the figure, it was the apparent ease with which it was carried that attracted my attention. In fact, to me, the most significant feature about Dr. Eliot's appearance was the strange absence of any indication of weight or importance. As with his physical appearance, so with his conversation and movements. The same easy dignity, the same lightness of touch, was over all. This absence of weight or effort, where the indication of such might reasonably be expected in art and literature, for example, surely denotes achievement of the highest order. On the face of the masterpiece there are no traces of the price, in toil and thought, that has been expended in its production. In this way, after many days, perfection pays tribute to its childlike origin.

Without doubt President Eliot has his likes and dislikes, but so far as I could detect, he has no quarrel with anybody. His kindly smile and the quiet emphasis of his manner impart to his conversation a soothing and satisfying effect which is very pleasing to the listener. There is no suspicion of dogmatism. He does not say, "I

like this and dislike that"; but rather, "The situation is so and so, consequently our work lies in this direction — there all the honor lies."

Looking before and after, that is to say, from what I have read about Dr. Eliot, added now to my personal notes, I am inclined to focus my portrait of him into two words, namely, penetration and radiation. In a greater and a wider sense he possesses the penetration of President Mellen and the radiating qualities of President Roosevelt. But he stands a head taller than these men for the reason that in his hands the fruits of these faculties are simplified, organized, and solemnized. By penetration and radiation, I mean the ability to discover and spread abroad, in the sanest and happiest fashion, whatsoever things are true and beautiful.

I think President Eliot is entitled to preëminence for another reason. In the course of conversation it occurred to me that at the end of Dr. Eliot's sentences there is nearly always an implied or real interrogation point. He frequently halts in the middle of a sentence and invites his listener to pick up and carry the idea along. To me this seemed to be a delightful concession. While others are interested in their own hobbies and personality, Dr. Eliot, above all things, appears to be interested in you, his visitor. In this way the element of self-forgetfulness is intro-

duced, which is the crowning test of excellence in work and endeavor of nearly every description.

Taking leave of Dr. Eliot as he stood in his own doorway, I called to mind one of Thomas Carlyle's most notable portrait studies: "The reader is invited to mark this monk. A personable man . . . stands erect as a pillar; the eyes of him beaming into you in a really strange way; the face massive grave with 'a very eminent nose.' This is Brother Samson, a man worth looking at."

VIII

THE RIDDLE OF THE RAILROADS

I

I NOW find myself, towards the close of my autobiography, face to face with the present day and some of its problems. To begin with, there are many reasons for looking upon the modern railroad as the storm centre of political and industrial activity. The American railroad to-day in various ways and with a significance that is unmistakable, propounds to the people the riddle of social and industrial progress. Private or public ownership, which? That is to say, private or public ownership and direction of brains, of industrial standards, of business ideals, of individual character? In other words, democracy or socialism? On the one hand well-regulated social, industrial, and political freedom; on the other, social, industrial, and political bondage.

The situation itself on the railroads, where the problem is now being thought out and fought out in all its variations, is very instructive. It abounds with concrete illustrations. For example, do you wish to experiment with an invention of any kind? Try it on the railroad. Would you like to test

any social or industrial reform movement? Try it on the railroad. Would you like to know anything about efficiency results relating to the "bonus" and "piece" systems? Give them a trial on the railroads. Would you like to know the meaning in America of private rights and public utilities? Apply and stretch the ideas to the breaking point and then study the problems exhaustively on the railroads, and at their expense. Do you wish to know to what extent labor should be permitted to dominate capital and to establish its own standards of wages, conditions, and efficiency? Just stand on one side and watch the game. It seems to be all the same to the spectators. Let the contestants fight these problems out to the end on the railroad. The railroad exchequer, the managing department, and the public safety are at stake. But never mind; the backing of a few votes is sufficient to dump anything on to the railroads for experimental purposes.

Now the most important and penetrating factor in the railroad situation to-day is the power of the labor union. The extent of this industrial power can be illustrated by a matter-of-fact statement, made recently to an audience in Massachusetts, by Chief Stone, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, substantially as follows: "Practically speaking, I am not responsible to

any one. I have so much power I really don't know what to do with it. It is simply running over." This statement is by no means a figure of speech. Illustrations of the nature and efficiency of this power abound. For instance, on July 15 of the present year representatives of fifty railroads east of Chicago and north of the Ohio River met the official heads of their Locomotive Engineers' Unions before an arbitration commission, at the Oriental Hotel, Manhattan Beach, in an effort to reach a settlement of differences which recently threatened to result in a strike that would have paralyzed the industries of the country. Increased pay, estimated at $7,500,000 per year, and better working conditions for engineers were involved. In presenting the case of the men Mr. Stone informed the commission that "Not only are the eyes of labor and capital watching the outcome of this hearing, but organized labor the world over is waiting to learn whether the dawn of a new era is at hand, or if we are to take a step backward."

But whether, in the words of Mr. Stone, "organized labor the world over is waiting to learn whether the dawn of a new era is at hand, or if we are to take a step backward," may fairly be left to the judgment of other railroad men, more numerous by far and not nearly so well paid as engineers. A large and enthusiastic conference of

these men was held in New York a short time ago. The object of the gathering was to protest against the extravagant demands of the engineers for more pay, which, if granted, would place a host of more needy and deserving men on the waiting list, so far as any increase of pay is concerned, for at least five years. Those who participated in the conference were the accredited representatives of the station agents, signalmen, operators, signal maintainers, etc., in the employ of the Pennsylvania, Reading, New York, New Haven and Hartford, Boston and Maine, Boston and Albany, Rutland, and other Eastern lines. The consensus of opinion at this meeting was that "before the higher paid classes of railroad labor should be granted any further increases from the employing corporations, those employés receiving a much lower rate of compensation, but whose faithful and local service is none the less important and essential to the safe and successful conduct of railroad property, such as carmen, signalmen, agents, operators, dispatchers, trackmen, and the clerical forces, should receive favorable consideration of the supervising and responsible officials, as well as that of the investors in railroad property."

The question of the right of way of the Grand Trunk Railroad into New England furnishes another illustration of the self-centred policy and

the use of its power by an up-to-date labor union on American railroads. On March 10, 1912, the Boston division of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers unanimously voted to oppose the entrance of the Grand Trunk Railroad into this city, on the grounds that it will adversely affect the conditions of railroad employés in this section of the country. Word was received from international headquarters that the Grand Trunk had issued a notice that the wages of all train service employés including the engineers would be cut. This action of the Grand Trunk and the competitive wage ideas of the road made it undesirable to railroad employés for the road to come here. Consequently the Brotherhood voted to use every honorable means to block the road's entrance into Boston.

But this labor organization, justly founded, to begin with, to secure for the worker better conditions and fairer treatment, is not only found working on principles against the interests of the community, but it seems to-day to be placing a ban on constituted and reasonable authority. Just what this means to the people at large can be clearly illustrated by a glance at the present-day situation on one of the most extensive and best managed railroad systems in America. Under date of June 15 of the present year, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company issued a general notice

to all employés, which read, in part, as follows: "Thirty-five requests were made on this company by its conductors, trainmen, and firemen. Twenty-nine have either been settled satisfactorily by the company or withdrawn by the representatives of the men. We are now informed that a strike vote of the employés will be taken to determine whether or not they are willing to leave the service of the company to enforce these six remaining questions."

One of these unsettled issues between the men and the company was purely a matter of discipline or authority. The demand of the men and the answer of the railroad officials were as follows: —

"*Demand.* That Engineman H. F. Krepps be paid for time lost on account of a suspension of ninety days imposed upon him on the charge of low water in his engine."

"*Answer.* All the evidence in this case has again been carefully considered and indicates that our former decision is correct, that the case was carefully reviewed by the best experts on this subject obtainable, and the conclusion was that the engineer was derelict. These experts were impartial and *ex-parte.* Therefore, no pay can be allowed on account of suspension. If any new evidence is developed, the case can be reopened with the division officers."

The conservation of authority and discipline on railroads is a matter in which the general public is vitally interested. During the month when this matter was being thrashed out there were something like eighty passengers killed and twice that number injured in two accidents, and during the past year one hundred seventy-one persons lost their lives and nine hundred thirty-one were injured in accidents caused by engineers running past danger signals. In fact, the year 1912 is already unfavorably distinguished in railroad history for disastrous collisions and derailments of trains. In a recent issue of the "Railway Age Gazette" a superintendent has described the situation that, to a great extent, accounts for these accidents, as it seems to me, in language that the public is called upon to consider with all seriousness.

"When you get down to the facts," he affirms, "the superintendent is the man who bears the main burden of responsibility. He and his trainmasters stand almost, if not quite, alone in the fight to remove 'the cause of causes' of accidents But we must not forget that he is surrounded by influences which largely defeat his efforts and will continue to do so until there is a general education of the public to the real conditions and real responsibilities in the matter.

"First, you have the man who, backed as he

knows by the strength of his brotherhood, becomes slack and acquires slovenly habits of mind instead of being wide-awake, alert, and alive to his responsibilities while on the road.

"Second, you must not overlook the high-salaried general chairman of the Brotherhood Grievance Committee who ought to stand behind the superintendent and assist him in his efforts to secure safe operation, by discipline if necessary, but who does not. On the contrary, he is paid for and spends nearly all of his time in relieving men of discipline, practically without regard to the cause of the discipline. He frequently goes to the general superintendent or general manager and indicates that certain superintendents and certain trainmasters are not fair to their men and impose discipline when the men are not at fault.

"Third, we have the general superintendent or general manager, who (perhaps naturally), seeing the shadow of the great power of the Brotherhood behind the general chairman, listens to his story and not infrequently forms an opinion that this or that superintendent is unpopular with his men. I do not mean to say that the superintendent is always right, but I do mean to say that his efforts toward securing safe operation are largely defeated by the labor organizations which, by the efforts of the general chairman, are frequently able to have good discipline nullified. I also mean

to say that the general chairmen frequently intimate or openly say that they will take cases in dispute higher and have the superintendent's decision reversed when the decision of the superintendent is absolutely proper. Also, it may be added that they are usually successful when this is done. The large number of cases carried over the superintendent's head is sufficient proof of the fact that the activity of general chairmen and the influence of the brotherhoods are very important factors working against safe operation.

"Fourth, we have the public, always ready to criticize and rarely to commend, in whose eye the conductor is a semi-hero and the engineer a real, dyed-in-the-wool hero, who 'sticks to his post.' As a general proposition, I believe it may be safely said, the public stands behind the man or the labor organization and against the railway corporation in the case of controversy or accident.

"All of these are unhealthy conditions, and we shall continue to have accidents as long as they exist. Automatic block signals and automatic stops will not stop them. It is my humble opinion that they will not cease to exist until the public becomes sufficiently educated to forget all the sentimental twaddle about the engineman or the conductor being a hero, and begins to look on them in a natural way as plain, ordinary men who have plain, simple duties to perform and no ex-

cuse for not performing them. Further, the public must get in behind the superintendent and back him up in his efforts to secure safety. The other things will then take care of themselves.

"If I have written in plain language it is also because I am interested. All the hand signals, block signal systems, cab signals, automatic stops, safety trips, or other devices you would place on the railway right-of-way will not accomplish a fraction of one per cent of what public education and opinion may do to remove 'the cause of causes.'"

II

But while the accident situation in the riddle of the railroads demands the earnest consideration of the people at large, there are also financial and industrial problems that are pressing for solution. The demands of the enginemen for increased wages and better conditions, which has already been referred to in this chapter, is a typical case in point. On the Boston and Maine Railroad, for example, the new scale, as proposed, would cost $300,000 a year, and last year the road only earned that amount above legitimate expenses and indebtedness. If similar increases for other employés were added, and this, of course, is inevitable, it would mean that the Boston and Maine would not be able to meet the interest on its bonds,

and would be about $1,000,000 short of enough to pay the rental of leased lines. According to this understanding this would mean that the system would have to disintegrate.

But from the people's standpoint there are other features connected with the demands of enginemen that are still more important. Neither industrial peace nor a solution of the wage problem is in sight, whatever these arbitrators may see fit to conclude in such matters. If the arbitrators should grant every demand of the employés, will they, the employés, be satisfied? At the end of a year or two there is no doubt, based on previous experience, that this country would again be confronted with a crisis. It is a great pity that the public should be alarmed in this way every three or four months and that the railways and the employés should be required to go to this expense and loss of time and never discover a process of settlement.

The power invested in labor leaders, with the absence of responsibility, is alarming. While they have the vote and endorsement of the men they represent, yet the moving spirit is the leader. In the past five years, for example, the Erie Railroad Company has received five strike votes. The leader in charge claimed he had the power to stop the highways of this country, and expressed his intention to exercise this prerogative

of labor. To appreciate the gravity of this situation let us imagine any other individual — a president of a railway, or its directors, assuming to stop the public highways for any reason and deprive forty to fifty millions of citizens of the necessities of life! There is no law to cover the action or determine the responsibility of the labor leaders who possess this great power, and who have repeatedly stated their intention to exercise it. The best test of their power is for the general public to attempt to pass a federal law to place responsibility upon organized labor engaged in interstate traffic. If the common carriers are responsible to the public, as operating agents, why should not employés, organized or otherwise, be held responsible to some extent to perform their duties to the public, as part of the complete transportation organization? Organized labor appears to resent every effort to apply responsibility.

Doubtless the enginemen are engaged in a very laudable desire to secure an increase in their compensation, but the inability to pay was clearly explained to them. Such evidence, however, was not effective, and it is regretted that one of the strongest and most intelligent of organizations is not influenced by the financial condition which is essential to a proper solution of industrial problems. A president of a strong labor organi-

zation, within a year requesting a substantial increase, was asked by the committee whether he had considered the ability of the railways to pay, and where the money was to come from; he replied that he was not a financier and really did not know, and yet he had the power to stop the wheels on every railway in the United States.

In the opinion of the writer it is proper to regulate the common carrier, but it is equally essential to regulate labor organizations engaged in public transportation. Organized labor is an institution, and, in the conduct of quasi-public properties, it should share in public regulation to the same general extent, now, or in the future, exercised over transportation. The proper treatment of conditions such as these is manifestly the regulation of labor unions by the Government and the recognition, by public opinion, that in a majority of cases a labor union is an association of men or women dealing in an actual product and organized for profit.

To complicate the riddle of the railroads, however, just when managers and men are trying to work out a reasonable and satisfactory modus vivendi, the scientific engineer appears on the scene. As I look at it this feature of the riddle of the railroads to-day is most peculiar. It is a strong masterful situation, a climbing, struggling,

hopeful situation teeming with human problems of tremendous importance, which are being worked out in a surprising way by certain forces that have never before had the handling of affairs in the world's history.

However, connected with betterment work of every description in a democratic country, there are always certain drawbacks and issues relating to the wishes and conduct of individuals and workers that wait for consideration and solution at every stage of the game. In this way, and very naturally, the problems relating to scientific management on railroads call for a careful scrutiny of the conditions and the men to which our scientific principles are to be applied.

As a matter of fact, then, on the railroads today, the principal factor with which the scientific engineer has to deal is the employé. It is becoming more and more apparent to those who are carefully watching the trend of affairs in the railroad world that the responsibility for peaceful or violent readjustment of railway conditions in the future will, and must, rest with these wage earners. And as far as I can make out, these employés do not wish to have anything to do with scientific experiments in regard to their pay-rolls and their conditions. This is actually the individual and collective decision of labor on the subject. The way the two forces, labor and management,

line up on the matter is somewhat as follows: Scientific management says to the employé: "Look here, I am running this business and I have worked out and drawn up a scientific schedule. I propose to standardize conditions, operations, and pay-roll. By this method better work, better wages and, withal, a true economic system of operation can be assured all around. I would like to secure your co-operation in the matter. Your job is now going to pay a wage in a general way, according to the brains and energy you put into it."

On the other hand the employé retorts: —

"To begin with," he says, "I am not so sure about your position. In fact, I come pretty near running a good share of this business myself. So I may as well tell you right off, that this job is going to pay me not exactly what I put into it, but just as much as by hook or by crook I can get out of it."

Of course it is easy enough for scientific people to suggest all sorts of economies and improvements. But the labor interest is a tremendous force on the railroad nowadays, and at all costs it must get along harmoniously with the management. In butting in and forcing the situation, and in trying to hold the modern manager up to public censure on account of his unscientific methods in spots and places public opinion is doing more

harm than good. And by the way, what is the rest of the world doing all this time along the same lines? Have they, too, got the scientific bug in their bonnets? Not a bit of it. As a matter of fact, for a number of years past the railroad employé, whom we now propose to doctor in this way, has been systematically pillaged and abused by outside forces in no way connected with the railroads that have no desire to be scientifically treated themselves. I am not one of those who believe in unnecessary muckraking, or in the rattling of dead bones, but the employé must not be deprived of his illustration, especially when evils still exist perhaps in modified form. So addressing himself to public opinion he remarks, "What do you think of a sum of nine thousand dollars awarded to the widow of a railroad man, whittled down to three thousand before she even got a peck at it?" I suppose public opinion would be still more emphatically shocked if I were to insinuate that even in a single instance in the confusion of a railroad wreck an arm has been deliberately and intentionally amputated instead of a finger on account of the extra remuneration attached to it. Is this scientific treatment?

But railroad labor is not satisfied with clothing its arguments in figurative language. The more he thinks it over and studies the problem

of economy in railroad work, the less he cares for the overtures of the scientific engineer. Of course it is too bad, and science and efficiency are surprised, almost sorrowful, when, in spite of all its plans and promises, labor remarks as Hamlet did to Ophelia, "I love you not," and the response in both cases is, "I was the more deceived." Be this as it may, the employé on the railroad to-day has also a solid background of business advantage already secured which, in its present stage, the public may not exactly like, but nevertheless, the illustration I am about to give you will at least demonstrate the practical and financial reasons why the railroad man interposes objections to scientific treatment.

For instance, some time ago I myself was called upon to work just one hour and a half before my regular time to appear on the job — I got an extra day's pay for this hour and a half. The schedule arranges this. Is there any likelihood that scientific management will treat me any better? Again, I have in mind a certain train crew that works in a locality where there is switching to be done all day long between widely separated side tracks and industrial plants. Two or three times a week, on an average, this crew are called upon to drop their work and take a little trip a mile or two away from their regular stamping ground. When this happens they get

an extra day's pay for the work, although it comes easily within the time of the stipulated day's work.

The railroad business is honeycombed with illustrations of this nature going to show that the railroad man's schedule has scientific management beaten out of sight — considered as a financial attraction to the railroad man.

Just a word or two about the manager's side of the problem. In answering the call of the efficiency engineer to apply scientific methods to railroad work, the very first consideration in the mind of the manager is the employé. To tell the truth, the railroad man is a proposition the railroad manager cannot dodge. The position and prospects of the railroad men were voiced very distinctly at a mass meeting of employés held in Boston some time ago. The remarks of one of the principal speakers were as follows: —

"It is the combined labor of thousands and thousands of workers that makes it possible to run a railroad. We stand on the industrial battlefield with nothing but our labor to sell, and we must have organization to say what pay we shall receive and what conditions we will work under.

"It is my contention," the speaker continued, "that we must reach the stage sometime when every one employed on a railroad will belong to a union, and all the unions to one federation or

brotherhood of railroad employés. When that day comes we will not need the injunction nor fear it. We can call out every man on the railroad unless our just demands are granted."

In applying industrial efficiency to the railroads this efficiency engineer has an awful job on his hands. Strange as it may seem, his principal opponents are the railroad managers and the railroad men. The manager's position is easily understood. For the manager on the railroad is the expediency engineer. All problems and issues are in his pigeon holes. Of all things he, too, desires efficiency of service and so far as possible the application of scientific principles. But as a matter of fact his desires and opinions in this particular matter cut very little figure. Amidst all the babel of divers scientific propaganda and the no less insistent demands and threats of organized labor, he is called upon to hold the reins in the interests of the whole people. Out of a caldron of industrial and political interests and factions on the railroad he must pluck by hook or by crook, in some way, the flower of satisfactory service.

It is unnecessary to multiply illustrations showing the all-around benefits to be derived from the application of scientific principles to railroad work. Only give the efficiency engineer and the scientific manager half a chance and they

will simply overwhelm you with facts and figures, the truth and practical utility of which no man in his senses will attempt to gainsay. But unfortunately for the application of scientific principles to railroad work, the problem at the present day, as I think I have demonstrated, is surrounded by an industrial situation to which, as I look at it, all other issues are just now subordinate. In other words, the real problem for the manager to-day is not how to run his business upon the most economical and scientific principles, but actually and practically how to run it at all.

III

But there are political as well as industrial complications in this riddle of the railroads. Just how the politicians go to work in such matters would be rather amusing if the methods pursued were not so peculiar. I have in mind a legislative session in Texas a few years ago, when the railroads were quietly informed by the politicians that their constituents would require them to show results in the form of anti-railroad legislation. That was all there was to it. What followed was simply a surgical operation performed on the railroad with the politician as the "sawbones." No specific shortcomings on the part of the railroad were even hinted at. On the part of public

opinion it was simply an appetite; on the part of the politician it was simply a job.

An up-to-date illustration will enable us to understand something about this politically influenced public opinion and its unfair treatment of railroad management and railroad employés. On August 8 of the present year, a passenger train on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad was derailed near the Crescent Avenue Station, South Boston. Seven persons were killed and fifty-four were injured. The train was running about thirty-five miles an hour when the engine jumped the track, and, after bumping along the ties for a short distance, shot over the edge of a ten-foot embankment. The three passenger cars followed the engine. It was impossible at the time, at any rate, to account for the derailment of this train. Henry W. Seward, the state railroad inspector, visited and examined the premises, and forthwith, according to reports in the newspapers, volunteered the following statement: "I arrived at the scene of the wreck at 1.15 this afternoon. I looked for something that might have dropped, but found nothing. The roadbed seemed all right. The engine is a heap of scrap and I cannot tell the cause until that is removed. I do not think the speed could have caused the derailment. I should say that sixty miles an hour would not have been excessive

speed, as the rails are heavy. We shall make a careful investigation and report the cause when ascertained. I could not even guess the cause at present."

The division superintendent, F. S. Hobbs, said with reference to the derailment: "Something may have dropped. The train was on time. We are not limited as to speed, and forty miles is not excessive. The cause is not known and will not be known until I have heard the experts and examined the evidence. To-morrow at ten in the morning I will have a hearing on the cause of the wreck."

These reports are, under the circumstances, both reasonable and businesslike. But the derailment and its cause which was so puzzling to experienced Government inspectors and railroad men was no mystery at all to Boston politicians. The Mayor of Boston, for example, was quoted in the newspapers word for word as follows: "From the condition of the rails and roadbed, the thing looks almost criminal. If anybody was supposed to inspect this place and allowed this state of affairs to exist, something should be done. If there is no official inspection, the sooner a law is passed compelling one, the better for all concerned. To me the track looked as if it had not been properly built. I was glad the police, under Chief Inspector McGarr, started immediately

after the accident to make a thorough investigation. To them I pointed out that it looked as if the foundations holding the sleepers were not as strong as they should be. It was a bad-looking piece of track, with the gravel loosely thrown against the ties. I asked the police inspectors to notice that fact and they did so, and had photographs made. I believe it is high time that a more rigid inspection be made regularly of the condition of the tracks of all the railroads throughout the state. The lives of the hundreds of thousands of people who daily ride on the railroads of the country must be protected."

Then again the Medical Examiner who performed an autopsy on the bodies of the victims was quoted by the reporters, as follows: "We found nothing to indicate that there was anything wrong with the engine, the brakes, or the equipment, but, in my opinion, the train was running at a high rate of speed and took the curve too fast." He probably arrived at this conclusion from a scrutiny of the wreckage.

Hard on the heels of the fast-running theory of the Medical Examiner came additional light on the matter from the manager of the Boston Fire Patrol. He disagreed with the Mayor and the Medical Examiner. In his opinion, "the elevation of the rails on the curve was faulty." He was able to detect this fact at a glance. The railroad

engineers and trackmen, on the other hand, are not gifted in this way. The actual measurements, made by these men, tell a different story.

Meanwhile, under such a hail of criticism from the lips of the ignorant yet highly responsible men, it is little to be wondered at that the public acquires erroneous ideas about roadbeds, about the employés who build them, and the officials who supervise the work. Public opinion, it is true, should have a say in the matter, but all political and semi-political attempts to misinform the public in regard to these railroad accidents, before they have been properly and officially investigated, should be outspokenly condemned by right-thinking people. Notoriety acquired in this way, at the expense of roadmasters and sectionmen, is of the cheapest description. For, after all, it must be remembered that these roadbeds and tracks are in charge of section foremen who inspect them daily and are responsible for their condition. It will take a wiser man than the average politician to tell these foremen anything they do not already know about their sections or their business. The condition, position, and length of service of every rail and tie on this section is known to this foreman. There are at least four hundred thousand section workers, and over forty-five thousand section foremen on American railroads to-day. These men are just as jealous

of their good names and of the reputation of their work, and a little more so, I think, than any other body of workers in the country. They certainly deserve more appreciation than the average, and receive a good deal less. Not only is this true, but, in my opinion, this track-work which I am now discussing is probably the very strongest and best feature in all the realm of railroad labor at the present day, and the impressions on the subject, expressed and published in the daily press, by politicians and others at the time of the late accident on the New Haven Railroad, were, in my opinion, very unfair to the workers who had charge of these roadbeds. The track-service, at any rate, is not yet vitiated by political influence, undermined altogether by the seniority rule, nor stupefied by the "bumping process."

Just at this time it will be well for the public to read a little about the duties and responsibilities of these track-workers. Man for man they actually do twice as much work, both with head and hand, as engine men or trainmen, and they receive only a fraction as much pay or appreciation. The section foreman is, to begin with, timekeeper for himself and his men. He is responsible for the safety of tracks, switches, waterways, crossings, and in many cases for switch and semaphore lamps on his section. He is responsible for track repairs and for emergency repairs to telegraph

lines, bridges, and culverts, signals and interlocking; for the safe conduct of his men and car over main tracks without any safeguard in the way of train orders. He must know the time of arrival and departure of all regular trains and whether or not they are running late, timing his work accordingly. He must be as familiar with the flagging rules as are the trainmen and enginemen. He must effectively police the company's property against all acts of trespass and vandalism without any real police power. He is responsible for the proper care and appearance of the permanent way and the fences inclosing it. He must deal, as the company's representative, with adjacent property owners. He has more than a hundred other duties to be found in detail in the rule books.

The work of the ordinary section-hand is not a bit less honorable or painstaking. I have in mind a typical illustration. This man's first job in the morning and the last at night was track-walking. During many years of my service in the switch tower, he was a frequent visitor during the night-time. It must not be supposed that he was called out or paid overtime for this service. The fact is he worked instinctively and the job was on his mind. The pattering of the rain or the falling of the snowflake was all the calling he received. In such cases he got up, came down to the tower, put his head in at the door, and simply

said to the towerman, "How's everything?" And then, if it happened to be towards morning, he would take his shovel or his wrench, according to the weather, and sally out on his usual tour of inspection.

The track-walker on a railroad is the eye of the foreman. It is a position of the greatest responsibility. The man must be posted on the time-table and the book of rules. As he walks along he is on the lookout for fires of every description. His business is to hunt up, and recognize, at once, a dangerous condition of track or roadbed. He carefully scrutinizes rails, switches, and frogs for breaks, or even indication of flaws. As he proceeds, he tightens a bolt at one place, knocks in a spike at another, or, perhaps, with his shovel, he guides a stream of water away from the tracks and into its proper channel. At the same time his eye and mind have business to attend to aloft and on every side. He must take note of the working condition of signals and indicators on his section. There are also a score of posts and sign-boards, every one of which has a mission of safety or warning. Above all, there is the "bridge guard," a matter of vital importance to trainmen. This gives one a pretty good idea of the track-walker's practical value to the railroad, and to the community.

Track-work on the New Haven and Boston

and Maine Railroads, so far as my experience, investigation, and knowledge goes, is done on honor. This is the kind of service that the public and the railroad corporations are getting from the men who have charge of and do the work on these roadbeds. In criticizing the work on these roadbeds the Mayor of Boston calls for an increase in the number of Government inspectors. Inspection is all very well but it does not go to the root of the problem. In my opinion, the probable cause of the derailment of the train at South Boston, and of many other mysterious fatalities that occur at intervals all over the country is of a different nature altogether, and only a short time ago the Mayor of Boston, in a letter addressed to ministers and others in the community, called attention, in a very specific manner, to the real issue. The letter to which I refer is as follows: —

"Reverend Dear Sir, — Complaints of disorderly conduct on the part of young boys from twelve to eighteen years of age are constantly received at this office. Some of the playgrounds of the city have proved to be detriments rather than blessings, particularly at night, to the districts in which they are situated on account of the opportunities they afford as gathering-places for youthful mischief-makers. The police seem to be unable to cope with this evil, which is so

pervasive and insidious that it appears to be the symptom of some general condition or disease. I am reluctant, however, to believe that the youths of this generation, so attractive in other respects, are less amenable to discipline than their fathers were. I should suppose that if the cause of these disorders could be ascertained it would be easy to apply a remedy. Among the causes that are commonly given is the weakening of parental authority and the consequent spirit of irreverence, manifestations of which are only too commonly observed. May I suggest that this phase of the subject might be appropriately treated in one of your Sunday discourses, so that the parents of these young people may be awakened to a sense of their responsibilities. I am sure the public would regard this as a proper exercise of your spiritual authority and service to the community.

Yours respectfully,
John F. Fitzgerald, Mayor."

Now the interests of the traveling public demand that this matter should be handled without gloves. In his letter the Mayor of Boston informs us that the police are unable to cope with this problem of lawless behavior. My personal experience and knowledge, however, so far as railroads and railroad property are concerned,

prompt me to assert that turning the difficulty over to the churches to wrestle with is simply a method of avoiding political responsibility.

For many years I have watched and studied the behavior of these gangs of hoodlums and other trespassers on railroad property. On the Fitchburg division of the Boston and Maine Railroad, for example, the tracks between Waltham and Boston, especially on Sunday and holidays, are a public thoroughfare. During the summer months the trains bring these trespassers out from the city in squads, and they no sooner get off at a station than they begin their skylarking. It is impossible for the railroad police, single-handed, to cover the territory. They need the assistance of public opinion and the civil authorities, and they do not get it. When the railroad people and the authorities fail to account for the derailment of a train, it is safe to say these trespassers know something about it.

During many years of service on the railroads I have been aware of the mischief-making of these hoodlums, smashing signal and switch lamps and twisting the signal wires, causing false indications of semaphores. But they do not content themselves with throwing stones and twisting wires; they also place obstructions of every conceivable description in the frogs and on the rails. Time was when sectionmen and others made efforts to warn

these trespassers, and, when possible, to head them off. We know better now. All kinds of "scraps" arose in this way, on and off the railroad tracks, and after one or two instances when sectionmen were fined in the police courts for assault, and permitted to pay the fine out of their slender wages, a general policy of "hands off" was adopted.

If this state of affairs does not point specifically to the derailment of the passenger train at South Boston, it certainly does to scores of other happenings of a similar nature all over the country. The facts in the case, as I have described them, are written in the records of every railroad in the country. The railroad authorities are continually investigating such cases. And this is the situation, and these are the conditions which Mayor Fitzgerald invites the churches to rectify.

But the dangerous hoodlum is only one phase of the trespass situation in the riddle of the railroads. Trespassing on railroad property is a national affair of tremendous importance. A disaster like that to the steamship Titanic very naturally gives rise to widespread sorrow and indignation. And yet this is just what is happening on the railroads, in the aggregate of fatalities, every two or three months, year in and year out, by reason of trespassing. The railroads, in one way and another, are doing what they can to

direct the attention of the general public to this matter, but if the present type of politician is to be left alone to handle the business, the prospect for betterment is not very bright.

A report on the general subject of trespassing has recently been issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Its police department, during the year 1911, spent more than one hundred thousand dollars in its campaign against trespassing, or nearly one fifth of the total cost of maintaining the company's force. In the efforts of the company's agents to enlighten the public on this subject and to enlist the interest of magistrates and other local officers, attention is being given more especially to these trespassers who are not to be classed as tramps — well-meaning people who use the railway tracks as thoroughfares. In this statement on this subject which has been given out by the company, it is said that on American railways in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1911, the number of trespassers killed was 5,284 and the number injured was 5,614. In fact, there are more people killed in this way on the railroads than from all other causes combined.

At a meeting of the American Railway Association, held in New York City, May 15, 1912, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "That the executive committee of this Asso-

ciation is hereby requested to confer directly with the proper authorities of the National Government, with a view to determine what steps can and should be taken to educate the public regarding the danger and results of trespassing on railroad property and regarding the steps, whether in the form of legislation or otherwise, that should be taken to stop this practice, which in ten years ending January 30, 1911, cost the lives of 50,708 people in the United States."

The following table gives one a good idea of the frequency of unexplained derailments of trains compared with derailments from all other causes. It is an official report of the most notable train derailments that occurred on the railways of the United States for the month of August, 1912. Unx. signifies unexplained.

DERAILMENTS

DATE	ROAD	PLACE	CAUSE OF DERAILMENT	KIND OF TRAIN	KILLED	INJURED
4	Rutland	Bangor, N. Y.	Unx.	P.	0	14
7	Virginia & S. W.	St. Charles	Unx.	F.	3	0
8	N. Y. N. H. & H.	Dorchester	Unx.	P.	7	54
9	Mobile & O.	Sparta, Ill.	B. rail	P.	0	35
10	St. Louis & S. F.	Rogers, Ark.	Unx.	P.	1	6
12	C. M. & Puget S.	Keechelus	Unx.	P.	5	5
17	Penn.	Middle Pt.	Unx.	P.	0	7
18	Acth. T. & S. F.	Osage City	D. switch	P.	0	17
19	Southern	Lenoir City	Unx.	P.	0	1
19	Boston & Maine	Lakeport	Unx.	P.	0	2
19	Texas & Pacific	Mineola	B. rail	P.	0	2
21	Yazoo & M. V.	Roxie	Unx.	P.	0	5
25	Cin. H. & D.	Antioch	Unx.	P.	1	15
30	Mo. Kan. & Tex.	Temple, Tex.	Unx.	P.	1	17
30	Penn.	Conway	Acc. obst.	P.	5	19
				Totals	23	199

In my opinion, the trespasser on railroad property hangs, like a shadow, over these unexplained accidents.

Finally, in summing up the situation on railroads, if the public would like to know how long private money, on the one hand, and industrial and political foolery, on the other, are likely, under these conditions, to continue in partnership, all they have to do is to study this riddle of progress on American railroads. The people will certainly get an answer to the riddle before long. In the mythological story the solving of the riddle entailed the death of the Sphinx. From present indications the American railroads may reasonably expect a similar fate. If public opinion is willing simply to look on while all these different forces are fighting for their own ideas and principles, at the expense of the Government and efficiency of the railroad business, the answer to the riddle of the railroads will be — national ownership. In the opinion of some of us, perhaps of most of us, this last state will be worse than the first. To tell the truth, Government ownership of railroads is to be opposed, not so much for the effect it would have on the railroads, but on account of the results to the Government and to the nation. There is much less danger, however, that the general public will demand public ownership of railroads and the taking of railroad

property by the Federal Government than there is that the representatives and large owners of railroad property will become tired of annoyance, interference, political tyranny, and over-regulation of profits, and that they will play into the hands of the Government and themselves seek to bring it about.

Standing on one side, as it were, without any political or industrial affiliations to interfere with my diagnosis, I have attempted to describe in the foregoing chapters some of the problems in the present riddle of affairs on American railroads.

IX

LET INDUSTRY BE FREE

I

It has been well said that there is no other way of accomplishing things than by work, whether it takes the form of intellectual activity or manual toil. The man to be pitied is the idler. The person who has work to do and does it is to be envied. The idler gets what is coming to him — and that is nothing. The United States of America stands for individual effort and self-reliance. This is particularly true of New England. It would be an unfortunate thing for us if we all became merged into one mammoth society with individualism suppressed and personal initiative and effort discouraged. This might be socialism, but it would not be individual happiness. It is much better to preach the doctrine of the necessity of labor for the attainment of happiness and for the securing of contentment. These opinions and sentiments constitute, in a wide sense, the doctrine of individualism in modern society and in the mind of the individualist next to labor itself comes the

problem of opportunity to be useful, in this way, to one's self and to the community.

Industry, however, is a matter of capital as well as of labor. Capital, as well as labor, is useful and necessary. As it seems to me, it is difficult to overestimate the debt of the nation to the far-seeing policy of some of its capitalists. It is not a very popular topic, but it has its educational features, and from the standpoint of the individualist it is worth considering. I propose to say a few words on the subject from an unusual point of view.

Certainly one of the most astonishing features of modern civilization is the influence, both for good and evil, of the ordinary axiom, which, under our present strenuous conditions is permitted only too often to degenerate into a mere catch-phrase. An axiom, of course, is a self-evident truth, which is taken for granted as the basis of reasoning. Nowadays as soon as one of these high sounding catch-phrases succeeds in arresting attention and establishing itself in popular favor, it at once proceeds to dominate the situation. In social and industrial matters nowadays, nearly all problems are submitted to the test of these popular catch-phrases. If the progress in connection with these problems is in line with and recognizes the truth of the catch-phrase the situation is supposed to be sound, otherwise, it is considered with the greatest suspicion. Perhaps the most overworked of all

the catch-phrases that are now being exploited by public opinion is the term a "public utility." As a matter of fact, it is difficult for the everyday, unprejudiced mind to distinguish between a railroad, a politician, and a potato, so far as their public utility is concerned. They all seem to be equally indispensable. Connected with them all, with the potato, the politician, and the railroad business, there are certain public interests which it becomes the duty of the National Government to care for and regulate. It stands to reason if, in the past, the government of a city or a state has looked upon a franchise or a monopoly as a gift, it has been sadly lacking in business acumen in giving them away. But, in fact, there were nearly always enormous financial risks which, in the building and organizing stage, the givers of the franchise were afraid to shoulder. Once on a paying basis, however, the franchise is called upon to develop in a different atmosphere.

Let us take an illustration from the state of Oklahoma. Not so long ago the territory was a comparative wilderness, but in the end its opportunity and time came. Of course the first appeal of a rising and energetic community is for capital to start and develop its industries and for railroads for transportation purposes. Only a year or two ago there were several towns in Oklahoma which were offering from forty to fifty thousand

dollars to secure railroads from fifty to one hundred miles in length. People somehow and somewhere must actually have put their hands in their pockets to provide these facilities. So far as providing the money and taking the risks connected with it were concerned, this financial opportunity in Oklahoma was open to all the world. So people of enterprise and courage, people of small means and large resources, came forward with the funds and put the young state on its feet. These privately owned railroads in Oklahoma were made possible by the efforts and good-will of men and women who had faith in Oklahoma, and to these people, in a large measure, Oklahoma owes her present prosperity. Borrowing the language of a writer who has studied the situation at first hand and on the spot, these privately built lines "carried the raw material, the men and the capital to establish a territory which has, through these same agencies, blossomed into a flourishing commonwealth, in which the whistle of the locomotive has supplanted the howl of the coyote, and prosperous cities, towns, and farms have banished the loneliness of the once desolate prairies."

But now during the construction periods in Oklahoma and elsewhere, the radical reformer, the political demagogue, and the man with the socialistic ache, were not, to any extent, in evidence. The popular slogan was railroads at any

price, and popular enthusiasm always leaves debts and obligations in its rear. The people who were calling for railroads in those days, regardless of obstacles and expense, spent very little time in trying to arrive at a philosophical interpretation of a "public utility," and they troubled themselves still less about the economical anatomy of "special privileges." The railroad of the past, with all its sins, was the product of this state of public sentiment on the subject. But with the advent of prosperity and of a population which took no part in the original risks, or shared in the original expenditure, the situation in Oklahoma, and elsewhere, has changed. With the assistance of these people, public opinion in Oklahoma, for example, is preparing to repudiate its original bargain. It now complacently awakens to the fact that a railroad is a "public utility," to which are attached all sorts of "special privileges," which those who built the railroads are now actually turning into dollars and cents to the tune, in some cases, of from four to six per cent on their cash investments. This, of course, will never do. The railroads have been secured and prosperity has followed them, and the problem now is to define a "public utility" in terms that will enable the politician to uproot most of the special privileges connected with them.

Again, we frequently hear the term "water"

applied to railroads or railroad stock. To hear some people talk, one would think it only on a railroad where this kind of financial liquid is to be found. Generally speaking, of course, "water" is a fictitious value which is not a part of the capital invested in the railroad. So is the good-will of any business for that matter. It is up to the purchaser to guess what they are severally worth. An eight P.M. edition of a newspaper on the streets at noon, has also a fictitious value. But, as a matter of fact, on the railroads this "water" frequently means more money for people outside the railroad than within. It was the prospect of this increased value, that is to say, a sort of good-will that was reflected for miles around every railroad, that made the building of most railroads possible.

Ex-president Roosevelt says in one of his editorials in "The Outlook": "As regards these big corporations every dollar received should represent a dollar's worth of service rendered; not gambling in stocks, but service rendered."

There seems to be only one side to this philosophy. Two dollars' worth of service for one dollar received is the other side of the consideration. For example, the advent of the Kansas City Southern Railroad, it has been said, enabled fifty thousand people to find employment in mills, forests, and stores. The average wage of these people was said to be two dollars per diem. Here

is one hundred thousand dollars a day increase in the earning capacity of American men. I am not by any means an apologist for stock gambling of any kind. So far as the railroads are concerned "water" has had its day and its uses.

Another familiar catch-phrase which has a good deal to do with capital and labor is "Equality of opportunity." Some time ago Ex-president Roosevelt, in an editorial in "The Outlook," took the following stand on the subject:—

"We take the view," he wrote, "that our government is intended to provide equality of opportunity for all men, so far as wise human action can provide it; for the object of government by the people is the welfare of the people."

To begin with, this declaration of Mr. Roosevelt does not contain a suspicion or a hint of the practical difficulties connected with it. As a matter of fact, opportunity is one thing, and equality of opportunity is a different affair altogether. Opportunity has, at all times, a practical working basis; equality of opportunity is a sort of political invention that has the effect, if not the design, of educating the people to the idea that equality is a fundamental of progress, which idea, of course, leads to all sorts of schemes for the mere mechanical and legislative division of property. For, after all, these catch-phrases must not be taken at their face meaning or value. Practically speaking, they

represent the significance applied to them by politicians for political purposes. On the whole, then, equality of opportunity must be looked upon as a slippery and a dangerous formula which should, at all times, be prescribed with extreme caution and hesitation. In the political life of the day it is used as a text by means of which the people are being notified that the reformers have discovered a new principle of progress, apart from and superior to the clashing of inequalities, which, in matters great and small, is cosmic and eternal. On the flimsy and unreal foundation of this popular catch-phrase all sorts of social and industrial iniquities are creeping into the body politic, such as wholesale interference with management on railroads, the leveling process and the seniority rule, and in general all sorts of spoliation theories, aimed by politicians indiscriminately at the successful, the industrious, and the rich. Correctly interpreted, of course, equality of opportunity refers to educational, political, and industrial facilities and privileges. Applied to the railroads it simply, and properly, means that the corporations of the country should be so regulated as to prevent discrimination or injustice to the public, giving equal and fair treatment to all, with favoritism to none. But so long as men are born in different places, with differing faces and differing physical and mental advantages, even equality of

opportunity will not really equalize matters. But taking it for granted that equality of opportunity is to be looked upon as one of the fundamentals of progressive civilization, what an astounding way society, at the present day, has of putting this ideal into practical form and of manifesting its "wise human action."

For example, the County Court of Jackson County, Missouri, has officially declared that only union labor shall be employed in doing county work, and the ruling goes to the extent of prescribing that the union label shall be on all county printing. This means much more than appears on the surface; it means that thousands of men who do not belong to organized labor must be denied any employment furnished by the county; it means that many firms, with possibly millions of dollars in the aggregate invested, must be barred from all participation in the profits of county work of all kinds.

To tell the truth it is not only in the West where this kind of equality of opportunity is openly advocated. Only a few weeks ago the following news item was printed in a Waltham newspaper: "Through a committee of two of its members, Local 328 of the Coal Drivers' union, which includes drivers employed by coal dealers in Waltham, Newton and Watertown, has lodged a protest with Mayor Duane against the hand-

ling of coal for use in municipal buildings by non-union men."

But the enslavement of labor to the will of the Unions is not confined to the efforts of a county court in Missouri. An article printed some time ago in the "Ohio Journal of Commerce" throws much light on the subject from a wider point of view. The article, in part, is as follows:—

"The Town Booster par excellence is a member of this 78th General Assembly of Ohio. His name is Smith, christened William Theodore. He is a democrat and he hails from Marion, Ohio. Smith is the author of a bill to open the doors of opportunity to young men whose parents are unable to give them an education fitting them for a profession. Here's the whole bill, told in its first paragraph:—

"'It shall be unlawful for any person or combination of persons to prevent, attempt to prevent, or combine to prevent, any apprentices from learning useful trades or restricting the number thereof who can learn such trades, or in any way interfering with their employment as such apprentices.'

"The bill was on hearing before the committee and the representation of union labor men was one of the largest ever seen in the General Assembly. Labor put its best speakers to the fore. They assailed the bill bitterly, its author as well, and

the town he represented. They insisted on the right of union labor to dictate to employers when they should employ apprentices and how many; its author's purpose was to fry fat for corporations, they said; his home town of Marion, they asserted, was notorious all over the world for its poor mechanics and its inferior manufactured products. Smith sat silent under the imputations cast upon his motives, but when the labor speakers jumped on his town he blew up.

"'Come up to my town of Marion,' he shouted, 'and I'll show you a town that has n't a tenderloin. I'll show you a town that has n't a single tough street. I'll show you a town that has more workmen who own their own homes than any of its size in the world — and it is not a union labor town. I'll show you a town that has more paving and more stone sidewalks than any of you ever heard of.

"'Come up to my town of Marion and I'll show you the Susquehanna Silk Mills, worth over a million dollars, and its more than four hundred employés weaving the fabrics seen on feminine backs wherever silk is worn. I'll show you the Huber Company, with its eight hundred workmen, producing threshers, traction engines, and separators that win the award of merit wherever they compete. I'll show you the Marion Steam Shovel Company, with its two thousand men,

soon to be increased to two thousand five hundred, manufacturing steam shovels, log loaders and dredges; the company whose product you'll now find on the Panama Canal, bought by the United States Government at a higher price than any other shovel or dredge-making company dared ask.

"'Come up to my town of Marion and tell the workmen there that they are the poorest workmen and produce the poorest goods and they'll show you a better town to live in, a better town to do business in, and a better town to die in than you in your egotism and ignorance ever dreamed of. Furthermore, I'll show you a town where we don't say to the young man, "You cannot learn a trade because some day you may crowd me out of my job"; where we don't say to the young man, "You shall not be permitted to be a machinist, a carpenter, a bricklayer, a metal polisher, a moulder"; where we don't say to the young man, "Go dig a ditch or get a job driving a hack." In a word I'll show you a community of industry, of intelligence, of morality.

"'Come up to my town of Marion and I'll show you a town where we try to live decently and honestly, and where we are not afraid to let others try to live as well. I'll show you a town where we have opportunity — where we make opportunity — a town where we are not so selfish or so bigoted that we would deny opportunity to others.'"

II

Some time ago, addressing an audience in Boston, Ex-president Eliot of Harvard University made the following statement: "The trade-unions take a strong hand in reducing the personal independence and practical liberty of the journeymen in their respective trades. Of one thing, however, we may be assured, namely, that industrial freedom will not be promoted by measures which diminish personal self-reliance, voluntary industry and ambition, and earnestness in work. Whatever deprives a man of a personal, individual motive for self-improvement and robust exertion will not make him freer, but, on the contrary, more servile, and, in the long run, less intelligent, industrious and free, for freedom is a matter of character and will power. Does not American experience in the nineteenth century go to show that political freedom is of limited value unless it is accompanied by genuine social and industrial freedom, and that social and industrial freedom are essential to the maintenance of every other kind of desirable freedom?"

The strike of the shopmen on the Harriman Lines some time ago threw into clear relief the nature and extent of the industrial anarchy with which the nation is now threatened. Behind the federation of these shopmen were certain de-

mands, such as increase in pay and reduction in hours of work. But apart from such natural and reasonable demands there were others of a much more questionable nature, such as the "closed shop," the abolition of the requirements of physical examinations, and the furnishing of personal records of candidates for employment. By these methods only, of course, can the fitness of candidates for employment be judged. These reasonable restrictions have been vetoed by the Federation of Shopmen. A gigantic combination of this nature, unregulated and unchecked, manifestly endangers the efficiency and safety of the entire railroad service, as well as the business interests of the people as a whole. So the question naturally arises as to who is going to regulate and restrain confederations of this nature in the same way that capital and the interests of capital are being regulated. Managers of railroads and those who are responsible to the public for efficiency and safety in operation are sorely puzzled nowadays in trying to keep their heads above water. In July of the present year, W. L. Park, Vice-president and General Manager of the Illinois Central Railroad, in a public discussion of these matters, spoke frankly of the serious way in which the railways were hampered, and their efficiency reduced, by the unreasonable attitude of the labor organizations which are struggling under the yokes of

ignorant and corrupt leadership. There has been too much managerial caution in this country for the good of the railways. When organized labor attempts to dictate who shall be employed, regardless of capability, and who shall be foremen, regardless of all qualifications other than seniority or unionism, it is digging a pitfall into which it, or the employers, must eventually disappear. When these organizations begin to realize that they are to man the railways and that managers must be left to manage them, they can begin to really better their condition. No business can prosper saturated with disloyalty and steeped in incompetency and bred by labor-restricting fanatics. The time is opportune to improve conditions. The men are sick of the mistakes of their leaders and are ready to do business on business principles. Labor will find no great difficulty in reaching common ground with the railways and in restoring harmonious relations everywhere, if it is disposed to apply the Golden Rule literally to its efforts.

But this kind of industrial anarchy is by no means confined to the railroads. The labor of convicts, and prison life in general as it is affected by these labor problems is another illustration in point. In prisons as elsewhere, "Let Labor be Free" is the slogan of the individualist.

Some time ago I paid a visit to the county jail

at Salem, Massachusetts. The situation in these county jails at the present day, from the industrial standpoint, is most instructive. So far as the labor of convicts is concerned it serves as an object lesson for the whole country. We are informed in the Prison Commissioners' Report, that at the end of the year 1910 there were one hundred and thirty-two men and seven women in custody in this institution, and that during the year the work had been limited in amount, and, despite the best efforts of the master, it has not been possible to secure more of it. In this, as in nearly all county jails since the restrictions were put upon prison labor, it has been impossible to furnish employment for all the able-bodied prisoners, and many of them go idle. There has been no change in the situation since this report was written. On the occasion of my visit to the Salem House of Correction I found perhaps thirty of the inmates at work in a chair shop, and a few engaged in domestic services. The cells were fairly clean, and the food was solid and wholesome — pork, beans and heavy stews — a diet such as men should be provided with who are vigorously and regularly engaged in hard work. I passed along the rows of cells and looked in. I saw quite a number of men locked in these cells on a broiling hot midsummer day, loafing and lounging, and lying outstretched on the cots. Posted up on the

walls in the corridor were some of the prison regulations, one of which was to the effect that when the inmates were not at work they were to remain locked in their cells. Thereupon, at intervals, I put a number of questions to the prison official who accompanied me. I said to him, "How and where do these men get exercise, air, sunshine, and mental and physical employment enough to keep them from going mad?" He replied that it was impossible, with the facilities at hand in that jail, to provide these essentials to decent living. He confessed there was neither yard room outside, nor hall room inside, available for exercise of any description, and as for the labor conditions, people outside the jail walls were responsible for that. To tell the truth, he said such work as there was, was done at a loafing pace, for fairly brisk work to-day would mean a general loaf to-morrow. "Well, if these men cannot be provided with work, I suppose they are permitted to read. Have they any reading matter to occupy their minds?" I enquired. "No," he replied. "Some time ago the library was destroyed by fire, and no effort has been made to replace it." "Are they permitted to read newspapers?" "Yes, on Sunday, if they can pay for them." "How many of these inmates have any money in their pockets when they come here?" was my next question. "About twenty per cent," was the answer. That is to say, eighty

per cent of the inmates never see a paper or a book, although they remain in the jail anywhere from three months to three years. It may well be asked what effect will three years of this kind of treatment have on an average human being.

Next I looked over a railing to the right of a row of cells and gazed down into a sort of cock-pit. Some half dozen human beings, stark naked, were disporting themselves like cattle and squirting water and daubing soap over each other. The attendant said that was the best way to wash he could think of, under the circumstances.

Turning again to the cells, we noticed a man outstretched on one of the cots, with one of his feet on the bed clothes. The turnkey motioned to him, and the man quickly dropped his foot on the floor. At the same time there were other cells in which the inmates were imprisoned on that blistering hot day. They were pacing up and down — two or three steps was the limit, and visitors are permitted to stare at them through the bars just as people do at wild animals in a menagerie.

I asked the jailer what the penalty was for refusing to obey, or for being stubborn in obeying these rules. He replied, "Twenty-four hours in the solitary on bread and water; if that is not sufficient, then a term of ten days of the same treatment; if additional 'correction' is necessary, we then take him out, give him a good square

meal, and put him back again for ten more." That, he said, was the limit, according to the rules. Naturally one would like to know what happens to these unfortunates when their terms expire. I was informed they were provided with clean clothes, presented with a dollar in money, and transportation to a neighboring city. "What is the use of coddling them in this way!" said the Salem jailer to me. "Clean clothes, one dollar, and transportation to Lynn, and inside of a week most of them are back again."

Without any reference to the other features in the situation, it can safely be said that the inmates of these prisons are condemned to idleness and are kept locked in those cells in stifling weather to please organized labor, and their friends the politicians.

This, then, is a picture of prison conditions in the county jails in Massachusetts, but it is by no means a typical story of the situation as a whole. American public opinion, I am well aware, has taken hold of this matter and is working it out along lines of humanity and social justice. I received a very good idea of what this policy and these methods are, and are to be, from visits which I also made to the State Prison in Charlestown, and to the Reformatory at Concord. No one can converse for five minutes with the wardens of these institutions without being impressed

with the remarkable social and industrial labors in which they are engaged. The splendid work of these men, it is true, is only a reflection of up-to-date American sentiment and of the modern understanding of the term criminality. But these wardens are handicapped in their good work by the politicians who are at the beck and call of organized labor. American public opinion should now demand that industrial justice shall be meted out alike to the convict and to the free man. What right has free labor, or free legislatures, or organized labor, for that matter, to impose restrictions of any kind upon prison labor? We are told that prison labor should not be permitted to compete with free labor. The idea is absurd and illogical on its face. A labor unit in Roxbury, for example, moves to Lynn, and not a word is said about it, but if he happens to move to a particular indoor spot in Charlestown, and is put to work at his trade, the discovery is at once made that he is competing unfairly with the trade outside. While proper regulation of the price at which prison goods are put on the market is a most reasonable proceeding, the liberty and right of prison officials to install machinery and to put the convicts to work at trades best suited to their moral and physical betterment should, I think, be recognized by all fair-minded people. In other words, let prison labor be free.

The recent strike of the minority of the employés of the Boston Elevated Railroad Company, is another illustration of the power and methods of the labor unions in dealing with individual freedom in industry. On the eve of city and state elections an alliance between the politician and organized labor was sufficient to overturn and destroy a system of personal and responsible service, which has stood the test of years, and was altogether satisfactory to the community. From beginning to end the affair was simply a barefaced scramble to secure the labor vote, without the slightest regard to the interests of the service, or the community. The principle has now been established in Massachusetts that organized labor be it never so riotous has constitutional and civil rights, but that unorganized labor, be it never so painstaking and loyal, has no standing or weight in the community. Personal self-reliance, voluntary industry and ambition, and earnestness in work, by which alone industrial freedom can be secured, have been exchanged for the right to organize. The battle for efficiency of service on the Boston Elevated, as elsewhere, is now to be fought out between regulated capital and management on the one hand, and the unregulated and irresponsible labor unions on the other. So far as unorganized labor is concerned equality of opportunity to work is now a very fanciful dream.

III

Finally a general survey of conditions and outlook from the standpoint of the individualist seems to be called for.

So far as socialism is concerned, it seems to me there is little cause for anxiety. The battle between public and private ownership of anything or everything must and will be fought out in the arena of practical experiment. The democratic idea must welcome progress along these lines regardless of distinguishing names or parties. With this understanding of the evolution of democracy in America, both the socialist and the individualist may honestly devote themselves, heart and soul, to their respective campaigns. But when we turn from general ideas of government to the industrial situation in America at the present day, the necessity for criticism of a more specific nature is at once apparent.

As I look at the labor situation, then, society is just now in a precious pickle. The need of the hour is for right-minded people who understand the situation to describe it without political or sentimental prejudice. The alienation of the employer from the employé, one or two phases of which I have described in a preceding chapter, has borne fruit. Organized labor intentionally, and organized management to a great extent,

perhaps, by compulsion, had substituted machinery for personality and these machines are now clashing, with results that are known to all men. In describing the situation as it should be described it will be necessary to use, as it were, a chisel instead of a pen.

From the point of view of the individualist, then, the tendency of modern industrial methods and legislation is to reënslave the world. To a great extent this conclusion is arrived at from a study of the excessive demands and unfair policies of organized labor. The first item in this modern industrial programme is the surrender of the individual workingman. He is called upon to sink his industrial personality and to stifle his industrial conscience in the interests of his union or his class. This class doctrine is not hidden under a bushel. It is proclaimed at every labor meeting, you read it in countless books, it is openly preached on street corners and in all public places of assembly. Finally the movement receives support from an army of well-meaning reformers, the victims of imaginative sociology, who are next in turn to be doctored personally and professionally by some of their own theories.

The modern industrial policy to which I refer says, in effect, "We propose to run the earth, that is to say, to name our own terms, to nominate our own managers, to regulate our own wages and

conditions, to feed, clothe, and carry the masses of the people according to the plans and standards of the industrial commonwealth which it is our purpose ultimately to establish. We have the numbers, the votes, the organization, the concentration, in a word, the federation; consequently, in every sense of the term, the future belongs to us."

Beginning with the worker himself the process of enslavement spreads outward. It overshadows the press, the pulpit, and the platform. The limitations it has imposed upon management are as glaring as they are dangerous. On the railroads the problems of efficiency and safety must now pass through the sieve of industrial and political expediency. This modern industrial policy says to the common people, to the great mass of consumers, "Be with us or go hungry"; to the traveler, "Be with us or walk." To the politician as well as to the inoffensive voter it offers an unquestioning alliance or the private life. To the ministers of the Gospel it presents the ultimatum, "Consider our terms or consider religion a dead issue." It invites the educator to twist his philosophy and teaching in its direction, or be publicly branded as a mere academic or "intellectual." To employers, managers, inventors, pioneers, and capitalists it holds forth no olive branch or alternative. To all non-affiliated industrial units, such

as these, it merely suggests a return to the woodpile. The majority of thinking people may not yet be ready to interpret the sounds and the rumbling in the distance in this light, and many of those who have the requisite knowledge and insight are politically and industrially enslaved by the difficulties and delicacies of their positions. Nevertheless, to all doubters of the reality and truth of the picture I have drawn of present conditions, I have but one word of advice — "circumspice."

But the flight of progress has two wings. I approach the subject again with facts of the same nature, but from a wider philosophical standpoint. In a recent issue of the London "Daily Mail," the noted novelist, Mr. Galsworthy, informed his readers that, in his opinion, "democracy at present, not only in England but in America, offers the spectacle of a man running down a road followed at a more and more respectful distance by his own soul." From the literary point of view this is certainly a very attractive statement, but it is far from being a correct diagnosis of the situation. On the contrary, as it seems to me, democracy in America to-day is making heroic efforts to keep up with its soul, and this soul, in many directions, is actually getting ahead of the game. Digestion and assimilation are problems of the social as well as of the individual

stomach. In any period of civilization an overdose of soul can anticipate a day of reckoning, just as inevitably as an overdose of tyranny or corruption.

Every once in a while society gets an unexpected reminder of these facts. Just at present, for example, ideas of humanity and of social justice are everywhere clashing with authority. In religious and educational matters, in the home and in the field of industry, society is now confronted with the all-important problem of reasonable and necessary discipline. The situation, in a general way, owes its vitality to the benevolent intentions of hosts of earnest and conscientious people who are now determined to give poverty an uplift and labor its due share of reward. In practical everyday operations, however, this kind of moral enthusiasm, generous and praiseworthy as it surely is, has some of the dangers as well as many of the useful properties that are associated with steam. And unfortunately, for the proper control of this all-comprehensive and irresistible moral pressure, civilization in America to-day is in a tremendous hurry. Under stress of mental and moral overstrain, — and here we have the spectacle of the man running down the road trying to keep pace with his soul, — there seems to be no time, no opportunity for the patient consideration of social and industrial safeguards. In

fact, the thinking process of Americans in general is now being managed by a few specialists just as scientifically as the laboring process. The men who coin political catch-phrases, introduce moving pictures, teach systems of industrial efficiency, or dictate opinions and policies to be followed by millions of working people, are all trying to make it easy to think as well as easy to work.

Meantime society itself is in a spendthrift mood. It is intoxicated with the wealth of material resources and moral opportunities. Just at present it is supremely interested in the laboring classes. Every practical manifestation of this public sympathy, however, is nowadays quickly converted by its recipients into terms of political and industrial power, and this power is now frankly and openly at odds with authority and with personal and property rights of nearly every description.

Now I think it will take but a few words to convince open-minded people that the industrial chaos at the present day, a partial picture of which I have drawn, contains within itself the germs of reconciliation and cure. The labor union to-day flourishes and commits excesses by virtue of power entrusted to it by the spirit of humanity, which has become the sign manual of progress of every description in the twentieth century. This spirit of humanity, or, in other words, this soul of

democracy which Mr. Galsworthy would have Americans look upon as a tail-ender of some kind, is actually in alliance with every manifestation or echo of righteousness that is able to express itself in any way throughout the length and breadth of civilized society. The initial outburst of pent-up feeling, put in motion by this alliance, has already swept scores of social and industrial disgraces from the map of society, but in the natural order of things there is wholesale demoralization in the chaotic yet fundamentally healthy situation that remains. The next few years in America are to be an era of renaissance. The soul of democracy is now beginning to take stock of its handiwork. For one thing, it will, in the near future, place a restraining hand quietly but firmly on the shoulder of organized labor, and in doing so it will give millions of other toilers a greater measure of social and industrial justice.

Finally, the writer, whose life-story the reader has been following in these pages, has this parting word to say to his brother individualists — everywhere: —

Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam!

INDEX

INDEX

Accident at Crescent Avenue Station, South Boston, 240–44.
Accidents, on American railroads in the eighties, 113, 133–36; Fagan's study of, 194–98; causes of, 226–29, 240–44, 247–53.
Alec, boy friend of Fagan, 10–13.
Authority, conservation of, 157–63, 193, 224–29; ideas of humanity and social justice at present clash with, 280, 281.
Axioms, influence of, 256.

Bahia, Fagan's sojourn at, 60, 61, 65–67.
Baldwin, William H., 104.
Bible, 36, 38; Fagan introduced to, 17; texts, 28, 33, 34, 44.
Big Mike, 180–83.
Biological investigations of Darwin and others, 39.
Boers, the, character and struggle for independence of, in 1880, 82–87.
Boston, Fagan's arrival in, 101, 102.
Boston Elevated Railway Company, strike of employees of, 275.
Brazil, Fagan's sojourn in, 49–67.
Breakers, Conductor, 145–48.
Broadbent, telegraph clerk, Fagan makes acquaintance of, 34–36; conversations of Fagan with, 36–42; a social degenerate, 52–54; accused by Fagan of robbery, 56–58.
Brooks, Phillips, 104.
Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the, 221–24.
Brown, Mr., minister of the Free Kirk, 17, 18.
Burgers, President, of Transvaal Republic, 69.

Capital, useful and necessary, 256.
Carelessness on railroads, 135, 136.
Catch-phrases, influence of, 256, 261, 262.
Character, whether to be considered scientific or religious, 40, 41.
Character-building, 27–31.
Class spirit in school, 23–25.
Colenso, Bishop, 71.
Concord Reformatory, 273.
Conservation of authority, 157–63, 193, 224–29.
Correct living, problems of, 36.

Dan, railroad hand, 153–57, 159, 160.
Darwin, Charles, 38, 39.
Delvy, Mr., section foreman, 151.
Democracy of the present day, defined by Galsworthy and by Fagan, 279, 280.
Diamond Fields of South Africa, the, 96–100.

East Deerfield, position secured by Fagan at, 105; Fagan's place of occupation at, 106, 107; Fagan's companions and fellow workers at, 107–12; Fagan's business experience at, 112–17, 123, 124; Fagan's reading while at, 117–23.
Eliot, President C. W., Fagan's study of, 214, 216–19; quoted on industrial freedom, 267.
Enginemen, railroad, demands of, 221–39.
Equality of opportunity, 261–75.

Fagan, J. O., the family stock of, from the Island of Skye, 2; progenitors of, in India, 2, 3; his father a survivor of the Indian Mutiny, 3; birth, 3; early home, 3–5; the wilderness stage of his boyhood, 5–8; and the adventure of the rabbit-warren, 9–15; the first emergence of his personality, 12, 15; beginning of his self-assertion, 16, 17; his religious condition in childhood, 17–19, 22; at school in Fortrose academy, 19–22; at school at Manchester, 22–25, how he came to leave England, 25; intellectual and religious condition of, at this time, 25; interview with cousin, 26–28; his understanding of the text "Keep yourself unspotted from the world," 28–31; adventure at Lisbon, 29–31; his condition on leaving Lisbon, 32–34; makes acquaintance with Broadbent, 34–36; first indications of a definite philosophy, 36; conversations of, with Broadbent, 36–42; benefit derived from Broadbent by, 37–39, 42; aspect of the past to, 42, 43; studies Spanish, 42, 44; accepts invitation of Spanish merchant to go to Rosario, 43–49; goes to Santos, 49; his sojourn in Brazil, 49–67; shocked at social conditions in Brazil, 50–55; studies languages, 55, 56, 73; has yellow fever, 57, 58; his early experience of women, 63, 64; incident at Bahia, 64–67; his aim and intentions in going to South Africa, 68; conditions in South Africa at time of his sojourn in, 68–70; meets Rider Haggard, 70; meets Bishop Colenso, 71; his attitude toward society, 71, 102; his religious views changing, 72; not influ-

enced by considerations of material interests, 72; his initiation among scenes and peoples of South Africa, 72–95; his account of a hunting expedition, 77–82; on the Boer character, 82–87; on the Kaffirs, 88–93; his thoughts turned toward the United States, 94, 95; at the South African Diamond Fields, 98–100; leaves South Africa, 100; value of his life in South Africa, 101; arrives in Boston, 101, 102; his view of people and conditions in New England, 102–4; secures position in Hancock, N. H., and then in East Deerfield, Mass., 105; his place of occupation at East Deerfield, 106, 107; his companions and fellow workers at East Deerfield, 107–12; on railroad conditions in early eighties, 112–17; the reading stage of his life and his study of the dictionary, 117–23; his duties at East Deerfield, 123, 124; takes a vacation, 124; accepts position in interlocking tower in West Cambridge, 127; his duties in this position, 128–30, 140–44; mind study of, 165–69; his literary efforts, 183–88, 192; visits Samuel Jones, Mayor of Toledo, 189–92; reports on coal strike for the "Boston Journal," 192–94; undertakes to study the accident situation on railroads, 194, 195; his married life, 196; his attempts to excite individual interest in subject of accidents, 196; letter of Edgar J. Rich to, 197; his "The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman," 197, 198; his study of the "Three Presidents," 199–219.

Fear, 33, 34.

Field, F. A., 110–12, 114, 119.

Fillimore, an acquaintance of Fagan in South America, 53–55.

Fitzgerald, Mayor John F., quoted on railroad accident at South Boston, 241, 242; letter of, on disorderly conduct of boys, 247, 248.

Fortrose, 3, 4, 19.

Galsworthy, John, quoted, 279.

Generalities, 18, 25, 26, 28–31, 33.

Gold Fields of South Africa, the, 96, 97.

Graft on the railroads, 146.

Grand Trunk Railroad, action of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers on entrance of, into New England, 223, 224.

Greek and Latin, value set upon, by Fagan, 118, 119.

Grumpy, of South Africa, 75–77.

Haggard, Rider, 70.

Hancock, N. H., position secured by Fagan at, 105.

Harkins, railroad hand, 153.
Hartwell, Mr., 161–63, 175, 176.
Henry, acquaintance of Fagan at East Deerfield, 108, 109.
Hobbs, F. S., 241.
Humanity, prevalent spirit of, 280–82.

Impressionist, the, portraits of, 201, 202, 210, 214–16.
Individualism, of the author's boyhood, 6; the doctrine of, 255.
Individualist, the, and society, 1.
Industrial anarchy, threatened, 267–69.
Industrial methods, modern, the tendency of, to reënslave the world, 277–79.
Industry should be free, 255–82.

Jails, conditions in, 269–74.
Jake, acquaintance of Fagan at East Deerfield, 109.
James, Mr., prospector in South Africa, 96, 97.
John, railroad hand, 152.
Jones, Samuel, 189–92.

Kaffirs, the, 88–93.
Kimberley, 98–100.
Kruger, Paul, 69.
Kruttschnitt, Mr., vice-president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, 196.

Labor, movement to organize, in the eighties, 137–40.
Labor leaders, irresponsible power of, 230, 231.
Labor situation, at present, 276.
Labor unions, the power of, in the railroads, 221–39; enslavement of labor to will of, 263–67; bad tendencies of, 267–79; flourish through power entrusted to them by prevalent spirit of humanity, 281.
Latin, value set upon, by Fagan, 118, 119.
Lisbon, 29–31.
Love, 34.
Lucy, railroad hand, 152, 153.

McTavish, schoolmaster, 18–21.
Manchester, school at, 22.
Mat, railroad hand, 152.
Mellen, President, Fagan's study of, 199–203, 215.

New England in the eighties, 96–127.

"Ohio Journal of Commerce," article in, quoted, 264–66.
Oklahoma and the railroads, 258, 259.
Opportunity, equality of, 261–75.
Overtime payment, 130–32.

"Paper," the, 134.
Park, W. L., 268.
Parks, Mr., conductor, 132, 133.
Pass, the, 171.
Peixoto, 58–62, 93.

Personal conduct, philosophy of, in its relation to life in general, 36.
Personal elements, elimination of in working relationships in America, 170–74.
Politics and railroads, 239–44.
Prayer, 18, 33.
Prinsloo, 83–87.
Prison life, as affected by labor problems, 269–74.
Public opinion, politically influenced, 240, 243.
Public utility, an overworked catch-phrase, 257, 259.

Railroads, man's inhumanity to man seen in conditions of, 112–16; considered semi-disreputable business in early eighties, 114; men and conditions on, 128–63; organization of workers on, 137–40; switch tower duties on, 140–44; workers on, at West Cambridge, 144–57; graft on, 146–48; changes in, in the nineties, 169; the giving way of the personal relations between employer and employed on, 170–83; increase of detail in administration of, 175–79; the riddle of the, 220–54; the storm centre of political and industrial activity, 220; a field for experiments, 220, 221; the power of the labor union in, 221–39; and politics, 239–44; track-work on, 243–47; trespassing on property of, 247–53; Federal ownership of, may be result of present conditions, 253, 254; and Oklahoma, 258, 259; industrial anarchy threatened in, 267–69.
"Railway Age Gazette," quoted on railway accidents, 226–29.
Religion, what it meant to Fagan as a child, 17–19, 22; Fagan's, as affected by the philosophy of Peixoto, 60; Fagan's, changing, 72; Fagan's, in the eighties and at present, 105; of Shakespeare, 121–23.
Responsibility, avoidance of, by labor unions and their leaders, 230–33.
Rich, Edgar J., letter of, to Fagan, 197.
Riddle of the Railroads, the, 220–54.
Roosevelt, Theodore, on the conservation of authority, 157–59; Fagan's study of, 200, 202–15; quoted, 260, 261.
Rosario, 43–49.
Russell, Bull Run, 95.

Salem County Jail and House of Correction, conditions in, 269 73.
Sampson, railroad hand, 153.
Santos, Fagan's sojourn at, 49–60.
School life, of Fagan, 19–25.
Scientific engineer, the, and scientific management, 232–39.

Section foreman, the, 243–45.
Section-hands, 245, 246.
Seward, Henry W., 240.
Shakespeare, William, Fagan's delight in and study of, 121–23, 185, 186.
Shepstone, Sir Theophilus, 69.
Sixteen-Hour Law, the, 172.
Smith, E. A., 124, 125, 130.
Social responsibility, lack of, in railroads, in early eighties, 112–14.
Socialism, 276.
South Africa, Fagan's aim and intentions in going to, 68; conditions in, at the time of Fagan's sojourn in, 68–70; Fagan's initiation among scenes and people of, 72–95; the gold fields of, 96, 97; the Diamond Fields of, 98–100.
South America, Fagan prepares to leave England for, 25.
Special privileges, 259.
State Prison in Charlestown, 273.
Stone, Chief, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, quoted, 221, 222.
Styles, schoolmaster, 22, 23.
Superintendent, railroad, methods and duties of, 177.

Telegraph service of railroads, in the eighties, 114–17, 130, 131.
Texts, Biblical, 28, 33, 34, 44.
"The Tempest," Fagan's study of, 123, 185, 186.
Three Presidents, Fagan's study of, 199–219.
Tower men, condition of, in the eighties, 128–32, 140–44.
Tracers, 107.
Track-walkers, 246.
Track-workers, 243–47.
Train-dispatcher, the, 177.
Transvaal Republic, conditions in, at time of Fagan's sojourn in, 68–70.
Trespassing on railroad property, 247–53.
Turner, E. K., 125–27, 134, 135.
Type, the word, 108.

Unions. *See* Labor unions.

Water, the term as applied to railroads or railroad stock, 259–61.
West Cambridge, Fagan accepts position in interlocking tower at, 127; Fagan's duties in position at, 128–30, 140–44; railroad workers at, 144–57.
Will-power, increase of strength of muscle due to, 15, 16.
Wolseley, Sir Garnet, 88, 92.
Women, Fagan's early experience of, 29–31, 63–67.
Workingmen, movement toward the organization of, on the railroads, 137–40; at West Cambridge on the Fitchburg Railroad, 144–57. *See* Labor unions.

Yankee, the, 107–110.

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS
U . S . A

Date Due

NOV 1 '49

Main 275 .A3
Fagan, James Octavius,
The autobiography of an idividualist
3 5108 00080833 7
DENISON UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

36726